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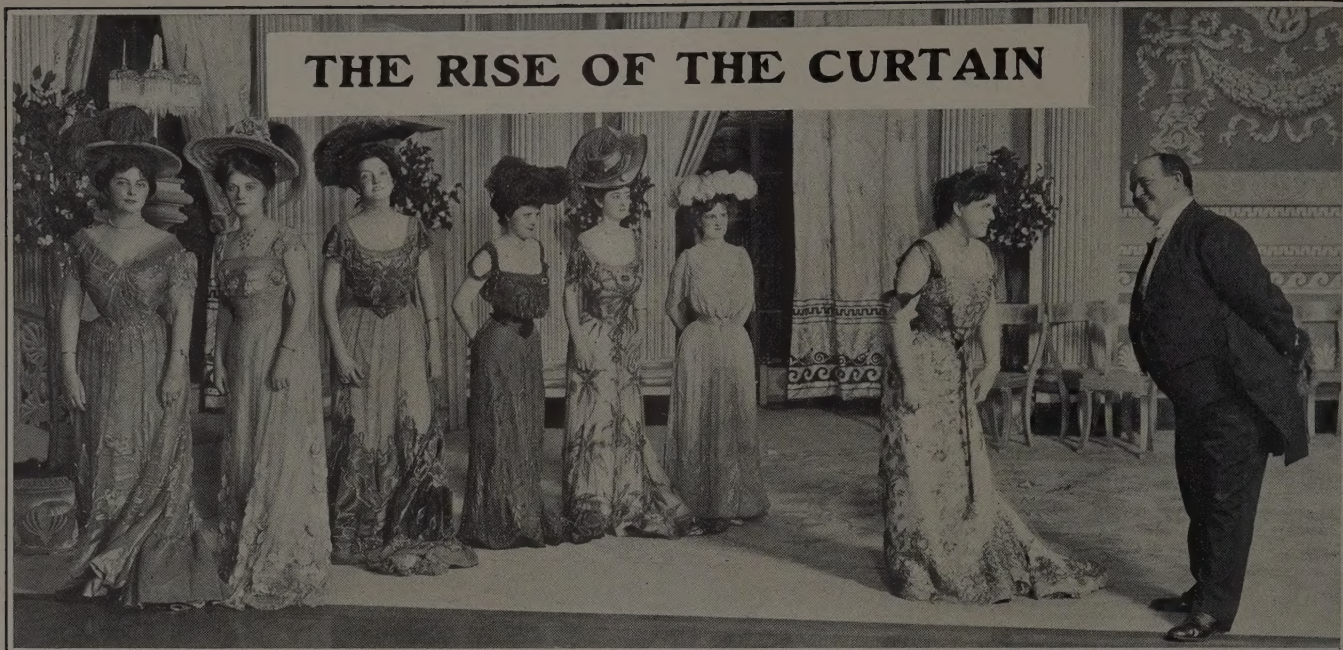
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Jean Valjean (Wilton Lackaye) The Bishop (Walter Pennington)
The Bishop: "Look there for help!"

WILTON LACKAYE AS JEAN VALJEAN IN HIS DRAMATIZATION OF "LES MISERABLES"

THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN



Hall

SCENE IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB" WHICH USHERED IN THE NEW THEATRICAL SEASON

THE theatrical season of 1906-7, like many another at its outset, looms big with promise. An astonishing array of tit-bits are announced for the coming dramatic feast, with dishes nicely calculated to tickle every palate, and managerial wheels are whirling in every theatre throughout the land preliminary to the general opening. The announcements made by the leading caterers to the public amusement, while not record-breaking, are decidedly interesting, and if only half the productions come up to the expectations formed of them by the ever sanguine press agent, the playgoer will find in the theatres this winter plenty to amuse and interest him.

Charles Frohman, as usual, presents the longest list of attractions. This manager's most important offering will be A. W. Pinero's new comedy of English manners called "His House in Order," in which John Drew will be seen as the self-satisfied, pharisaical husband who worships the memory of his first wife and allows his relatives to bully his second wife, a headstrong, unconventional little creature who, in sheer self-defence, succeeds in shattering her husband's fond illusions as to her predecessor's saint-like qualities. Margaret Illington is well cast for the rôle of the wife. She has the impulsive, kitten-like personality the part calls for, and her natural intelligence and sound technical training should ensure a successful impersonation.

Henry Arthur Jones runs Mr. Pinero a close second in honors for serious drama, and New York is to be accorded the unusual distinction of a *première* of a new play by this distinguished English dramatist. The piece, which is entitled "The Hypocrites," deals mainly with church people, and some idea of the theme may be gathered from this motto to the play which the author took from the Pilgrim's scrip: "Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's." The comedy will be produced at the Hudson Theatre

early this month and later will be taken to other cities.

Still another play by an English author of note which Mr. Frohman will produce is "The Price of Money," by Alfred Sutro, author of "The Walls of Jericho." When Mr. Sutro was last here he hinted that he was at work on a play dealing with our multi-millionaires, so it is not unlikely that this may prove to be the one. William H. Crane, who was not very successful with his last "money" play—"Business is Business"—will be seen in the leading part, while Miss Margaret Dale, until recently with John Drew, becomes his leading lady. Later in the season Mr. Crane will be seen in a comedy called "Old Gorgon Graham," by George H. Lorimer, author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," and Paul M. Potter.

The American dramatist takes somewhat of a back seat this season. Mr. Frohman announces plays as yet unnamed by Augustus Thomas and George Ade, but the plans regarding them seem to be vague. Clyde Fitch has finished a comedy called "Truth," which he expects to see produced this fall, and he has also made a stage version of that much-discussed novel, "The House of Mirth," in conjunction with the author, Edith Wharton. Miss Fay Davis has been selected to impersonate the ambitious and unhappy heroine.

Mr. Frohman will occupy the boards of Wallack's Theatre beginning September 1 with a drama called "The Judge and the Jury," the scenes of which are laid at Dos Bravos, New Mexico. In this piece Miss Ida Conquest plays the part of a Mexican girl.

Maude Adams will return to the Empire Theatre with Barrie's exquisite idyl of child life, "Peter Pan," which is still prosperous, despite its long run and the indifference of the metropolitan critics, and Ethel Barrymore will continue to tour the country in that other whim-



Hall

HATTIE WILLIAMS AND THOMAS WISE
In "The Little Cherub"

sical piece by the prolific Scotchman, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Otis Skinner will again appear in "The Duel" during the early part of the season, and later will be seen in a new play. William Gillette, who seldom permits himself to be in a hurry, either in real life or on the stage, has decided at last to let New Yorkers

see him in "Clarice," a play written by himself, and in which he has already appeared in other cities. Mr. Frohman's other trump cards for the coming season include new plays by J. M. Barrie, Capt. Robert Marshall, Alfred Capus, Henri Bernstein, H. V. Esmond, Henri Lavedan, Pierre Berton and Pierre Wolfe. Charles McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna," is writing for Mr. Frohman a musical comedy called "Nellie Neil," and that manager has a new musical play for Sam Bernard. He has also "The Beauty of Bath," a piece now running in London; a new musical play by Tristan Bernard and Cosmo Hamilton called "The Hoyden"; a new musical play by Seymour Hicks, a new musical comedy called "The Dairy-maids," now running at the Apollo Theatre, London; a new musical play by Paul Potter and Edgar Smith, called "Our Girl"; the Chinese musical play called "The Third Moon," and a new musical play by Harry B. Smith, the music of which will be by Ludwig Engländer. Kyrle Bellew, who has been appearing in "Raffles" under the management

of Messrs. Liebler, has now joined Mr. Frohman's forces and will tour in "Brigadier Gerard," a dramatization of Conan Doyle's tales of the Napoleonic wars.

Several foreign artists of distinction will visit America this season under Mr. Frohman's wing. First among these is Miss Ellen Terry, who is to make what is announced as a farewell tour. She will be seen in George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and she will appear, too, in "Nance Oldfield" and "The Good Hope." Other distinguished visitors will be Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, who will bring their London company to New York. In addition to their regular repertoire they will present the new English comedy, "Captain Drew on Leave." Mr. Frohman also announces the appearance of that admirable French artist, Yvette Guilbert, in a dramatized version of George Moore's novel, "Esther Waters," in which she will play in English.

Daniel Frohman has for production this season the dramatized novel, "The Spoilers," also a comedy by Brander Mathews and George Arliss. He will also direct the tour of Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Embassy Ball," and later in the year will present this star in a new play written for him by Paul Potter.

Harrison Grey Fiske's operations for the season will involve the direction of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company and Bertha Kalich, and he will present both of these actresses in new

plays. The Manhattan company has been strengthened considerably. Leonard Shepherd, who last season was seen in support of Mme. Kalich in "Monna Vanna," Robert V. Ferguson, who was a member of Mrs. Fiske's company some seasons ago and has been seen with her since in occasional revivals, and Ida Ver-

non, a sterling actress, have been added. Mrs. Fiske will be seen in the autumn in "The New York Idea," a new comedy of contemporary life in New York, written by Langdon Mitchell, author of "Becky Sharp," and it is said that this new work, which will present a novel dramatic theme, will likewise afford Mrs. Fiske a splendid opportunity in a rôle absolutely different from any other in which she has been seen. Mr. Fiske's first offering for the season will be Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata," the drama adapted by Langdon Mitchell from the Yiddish of Jacob Gordin, the Ghetto dramatist.

There has been some controversy as to the ownership of the American rights to "The Kreutzer Sonata." Blanche Walsh produced the Gordin play on the road last season, and her managers, ignoring the claims of Mme. Kalich, presented the play at the Manhattan Theatre on August 13. This dispute was still unsettled as we went to press. Wagenhals and Kemper opened their new theatre, the Astor, at 45th street and Broadway August 31, with an elaborate

production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Annie Russell assumed the part of Puck. Following this engagement will come Viola Allen in a fine production of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and later there will be presented a play by Channing Pollock and Avery Hopwood entitled "Clothes." Blanche Walsh will appear at this house during the winter in a new play by Clyde Fitch and later in the season she may be seen in the rôle of Lady Macbeth, which she has been studying for a number of years.

David Belasco's plans are as yet indefinite, owing to the sudden break in his business relations with Mrs. Leslie Carter. The quarrel is believed to have originated with the recent marriage of the actress, the manager resenting her keeping her matrimonial plans a secret from him. In any case, the rupture is complete and Mrs. Carter-Payne has signed a five-years contract with Charles Dillingham, and in future will play her engagements in Syndicate houses. She is believed to have two plays under consideration. One is Edwin Milton Royle's new drama "The Struggle Everlasting," which has a theme somewhat on the order of "The Duel," and another play based on an English novel called "A Magdalen's Husband," in which a woman, abused by a brute, fosters an ideal love for another man. Mr. Belasco will continue to direct the tours of David Warfield in "The Music Master," and Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West," and he is also preparing a new vehicle for Bertha Galland.



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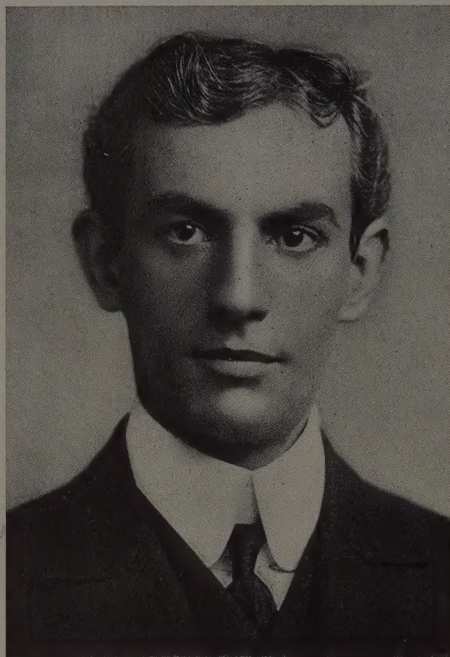
MARGARET ILLINGTON

Who will play the rôle of Nina, the kitten-like, cigarette-smoking wife in Pinero's new comedy "His House in Order"

James K. Hackett, who is now a full-fledged actor-manager, will this season have a metropolitan playhouse bearing his name. He has taken a five years' lease of Lew Fields' Theatre, which hereafter will be known as Hackett's Theatre. The house opened its season under the new management August 27 with the first production in America of the English farce, "The Little Stranger," by Michael Morton. Mr. Hackett himself will this year tour as a single star in "The Walls of Jericho," while Mary Mannering, his wife, is to be seen in a new play by Rida Johnson Young, entitled "Lady Betty." Mr. Hackett will continue to be interested in the tour of Dallas Welford, the grotesque English comedian, who will take the amusing "Mr. Hopkinson" to other cities.

Klaw and Erlanger will present J. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of Gen. Lew Wallace's book "The Prince of India" at the Broadway Theatre on September 28. J. E. Dodson and Miss Sarah Truax having relinquished their rôles, their places in the cast will be taken respectively by Mario Majeroni, a nephew of the great Ristori, and Adelaide Keim. Another important venture by this firm will be the production of George Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" at the New Amsterdam on October 29, with Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in the title rôles. Previous to this we shall see at the same house H. B. Irving, the son of the late Sir Henry Irving, in repertoire. Klaw and Erlanger will also direct the tour of Anna Held in her new musical piece "A Parisian Model," and likewise the tour of Lulu Glaser in a new play. Other attractions will be Francis Wilson's new comedy "Miss Dolly Waters," R. A. Barnet's new musical extravaganza "Pocahontas" and the new Pixley and Luders opera "The Grand Mogul."

Henry B. Harris expects to have a very busy season. Owing to the phenomenal and undiminished popularity of "The Lion and the Mouse," that play will continue to occupy the boards of the Lyceum indefinitely, and in order to satisfy the demand for the Klein drama in other cities three "Lion and the Mouse" companies have been organized and sent out, the first opening in Boston September 3. Charles Klein's new play "Daughters of Men," which deals with the labor question, will be produced at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, on September 24, with such prominent players as Herbert Kelcey, Orrin Johnson, Ralph Delmore,



MARIO MAJERONI
Young Australian actor, nephew of Ristori, who will play the title rôle in "The Prince of India"

Effie Shannon, Dorothy Donnelly and Grace Filkins in the cast. Another production in which Mr. Harris is interested is "The Chorus Lady," a four-act comedy by James Forbes, which we are to see at the Savoy, September 3, with Rose Stahl in the title rôle. Robert Edeson will continue in "Strongheart."

The Messrs. Shubert's list of attractions is unusually heavy. Margaret Anglin, under their management, will open at the Princess Theatre October 1 in "The Great Divide," a play by William Vaughn Moody, and later this popular actress will present "The Eternal Feminine," "Mrs. Dane's Defence" and "The School for Scandal." E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe continue their artistic partnership, and under the ægis of the Shuberts will be seen in a repertoire that includes "Joan of Arc," a drama by Eric Mackaye; "The Daughter of Jorio," a new drama by Gabriele D'Annunzio; "The Sunken Bell," a poetic drama by Gerhardt Hauptmann; a play on the subject of John the Baptist; another called "Guinevere," and half a dozen of Shakespeare's plays. Mrs. Patrick Campbell returns to America under this management, and will be seen in a new play, and the Shuberts will bring over from England also Miss Lena Ashwell, an emotional actress who has high standing in London, but who is as yet a stranger here. Miss Ashwell will be seen in a play of South Africa called "The Shulamite." Virginia Harned will be seen in a dramatization of the novel "The Girl in Waiting," and the same managers will also feature Guy Standing in a new play. Arnold Daly will be seen in a new comedy by George Docques entitled "After the Opera," and in four new one-act plays: "Grandfather Coquesne" by Cosmo Hamilton, "The Monkey's Paw" by Louis N. Parker, "The Lemonade Boy" by Gladys Unger, and "The Flag Station" by Eugene Walter. He will continue to present his Shaw repertoire: "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "How He Lied to Her Husband" and "The Man of Destiny." In the spring Mr. Daly may revive Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" with Grieg's music. Other attractions under the Shubert management include Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "Julie Bon-Bon," and a play called "A Midsummer's Eve" by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and B. M. Dix. They will also produce a play by Edward Peple, author of the "Prince Chap." It is entitled "A Wom-



OTTO SARONY CO.
ADELAIDE KEIM
Well known as a former member of Proctor's Stock Company, and engaged this season to play Princess Irene in "The Prince of India"

an's Way," and the cast will include Odette Tyler, Olive May, William Courtenay, Herbert Ayling and H. S. Northrop. Still other Shubert attractions will be "The Blue Moon," English musical extravaganza; "Lady Madcap," one of George Edwardes' English musical comedies; "The Social Whirl," "The Tourists," musical comedy by R. H. Burnside and Gustav Kerker; Lew Fields' musical comedy company in a new play; De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland," Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl," "Veronique," Peter F. Daly, "Mexicana," "Fantana," Camille D'Arville in a new comic opera, Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton in "The Jolly Host," and "The Snowman," a new musical comedy. The Shuberts will also manage the New York Hippodrome, which, it is announced, will be conducted on a more liberal scale than ever. It will open with "A Society Circus."

The Messrs. Liebler as usual will be very active in the theatrical field. Eleanor Robson will continue to be their leading star, and this actress will be seen in a play by Edmond Rostand entitled "The Lady of Dreams," which is an adaptation of "La Princesse Lointaine," produced originally by Sarah Bernhardt. Louis N. Parker has made the English version. Previous to appearing in the Rostand piece, Miss Robson will be seen at the Liberty Theatre, New York, about September 20, in Zangwill's new play "Nurse Margerie." Then she will do "Susan in Search of a Husband," adapted by Eugene Presbrey from Jerome K. Jerome's short story, and also Clyde Fitch's comedy "The Girl Who Has Everything," in which she was seen on the road last year. "The Lady of Dreams" will be produced some time in January. In addition to this, the Lieblers will revive an old classic comedy. They will produce a new version of Robert Grant's play "Unleavened Bread," and a one-act play by Alfred Sutro. The Lieblers have also secured the services of Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier, two rare artists, who will appear in the same bill alternately. This firm will also produce a dramatization of Gilbert



Burr McIntosh

FAY DAVIS

Who will impersonate the heroine in a dramatization by Clyde Fitch of Edith Wharton's novel "The House of Mirth"

Parker's novel "The Right of Way." Their other attractions include "The Vanderbilt Cup" with Elsie Janis, "Cape Cod Folks," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "The Squaw Man," the success of which has justified the sending out of two companies.

The most important feature of Henry W. Savage's programme for the new season will be the production of Puccini's new opera "Madame Butterfly" in English. This work, as is well known, is based upon the story by John Luther Long, a dramatic version of which was produced by David Belasco. The opera is in three acts, with an intermezzo which is said to be one of the most exquisite compositions Puccini has yet written. It was produced in Milan and Budapest with great success. Mr. Savage will have three casts of principal singers in order to give eight performances a week. Elza Szamosy, who sang the title rôle in Budapest, and who was particularly commended by the composer as an ideal interpreter of the part, is to be one Madame Butterfly. Adelaide Norwood, a dramatic soprano, already seen in the Savage Opera Company, and who has been studying abroad for the last two years, is another prima donna, and Eloise Jenssen, a noted Norwegian singer, is another. The opera will be seen first in Washington on October 15, at the Columbia Theatre, and Baltimore and Boston will hear it before it comes to Broadway in November. Mr. Savage has decided to discontinue his English Grand Opera Company for the coming season. He will reorganize the company, and next year give the entire Ring. His other attractions this year will be three "College Widow" companies, "The Stolen Story," which opens the Garden Theatre; "The Student King," and "The Man from Now." Mr. Savage will also produce an English version "The Lustige Witwe," which has created a sensation in Berlin and Vienna.

(Continued on page ix.)



Sarony

WILLIAM GILLETTE

The distinguished actor-dramatist will be seen in his own play "Clarice"

Dramatic Critics and Theatre Managers

BY a recent decision the law in the State of New York is that the manager of a theatre conducts a private business and can turn from his doors any individual, according to his own judgment or caprice. The individual has no rights and can, therefore, never be wronged. The public, as a public, has been entirely obliterated. The manager alone is supreme.

The question is an intricate one and the decision referred to does not provide a solution of universal application so as to include every State. We may assume, however, that any person, whether objectionable or unobjectionable on any legal ground, may be barred from the enjoyment of a play produced in any and every theatre in all parts of the world. We are merely supposing a case, but it is a logical, mathematical, legitimate *reductio ad absurdum* one. We are taking the law as it is supposed to be. Every individual has been mortgaged to the manager, with the implied understanding that the mortgage will not be foreclosed, but with the right to foreclose at any moment. We do not undertake to discuss the legal merits of the case at all. There is the law for the State of New York. We shall only make a few conjectures as to some of its workings.

Persons who are or might be objectionable to a manager's audience have always been excluded, and very properly. It is not likely that any critic, as a critic, will ever be objectionable to an audience in the sense of disturbing their immediate comfort. His criticisms may be objectionable to the manager, and he may be put under the ban. Our conjectures are confined, then, to the effect of this new law upon objectionable critics.

We do not think that this managerial power will be exercised to any extent unfairly, but we are inclined to believe that it will be exercised freely at the very beginning of this season if the same occasion is given for it as has been repeatedly, and in some cases constantly, given for the past year or two. Without reference to the case recently before the court, we are free to say that some critics are as objectionable to the public as to the managers. The initiative in regard to them should be

taken by the newspapers themselves, but that has not been done, and it is not likely to be done with any unanimity. Many newspapers would not tolerate what others foster. Consequently, if the theatrical managers undertake to correct the evils they will be inviting the exercise of a responsibility that is greater than can be anticipated with any certainty or detail. The danger, if

we may call any aspect of the question dangerous, is not that they will exercise this power, but that they will not do so. Whenever they put forth their silent power against a malicious writer, or one who ridicules for the sake of ridicule, or who does not know how to distinguish between the truth and abuse, we are with the managers. Criticism is one thing, and baiting managers and actors is another. Everyone concerned in this matter has responsibilities, and if the newspaper writer does not realize his he should be brought to his senses. The restraining influence of this power of the managers should be felt. They have the right to protect themselves from loss when flippant and ignorant criticism cannot and does not distinguish between remediable defects in a play or performance and pronounces failure in large headlines, bringing loss, chagrin and discouragement on every side. A critic that cannot tell a success when he sees it should not be permitted to make more than half a dozen mistakes of the kind. If he is to have the power of life and death over every production, he must be capable in his judgment. If a critic can neither discern a success nor a failure, somebody more competent should succeed him.



Sarony

JESSIE MILLWARD, THE ADMIRABLE ENGLISH ACTRESS, WHO WILL PLAY A LEADING ROLE IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES' NEW COMEDY "THE HYPOCRITES"

Miss Millward was born in 1868, and her first professional engagement was with Mrs. Kendal. She had many disheartening experiences in the lower ranks until when playing with Genevieve Ward in "Forget-me-not" she received an offer from Irving to play Hero in "Much Ado." She played other good rôles with Irving and accompanied him on his first American tour. Charles Frohman saw her in New York and engaged her to play Pauline in "Called Back." She returned to London and appeared at the Adelphi in conjunction with William Terriss, whom she accompanied to America on a starring tour. Later she was engaged by Augustus Harris for Drury Lane, appearing in "A Million of Money" (1890) and other plays. She returned to the Adelphi in 1895 and starred with Terriss in melodrama up to the time of that actor's murder, December 16, 1897. This sensational affair was a terrible shock to her, and she has not since appeared on the English stage. In 1898 she came to America and became a member of Charles Frohman's forces.

The abuses of criticism should be corrected, and this is one of the tendencies of the law which, in some respects, we think is untenable, but which must be accepted for the moment and as long as it stands. There is going to be no war between the newspapers and the theatrical managers, for the managers are too wise for that. The one thing that is needed and should be wanted in criticism is the truth. If the two sides cannot meet on that common ground something is going to happen. The honest, decent, truth-telling critic has nothing to fear, never has feared anything, and never will fear anything, and if the theatres could and

did suppress him they would go into bankruptcy. On the other hand, the fantastic, youthful, bumptious, truculent critic without any sense of proportion should be eliminated by some means.

But who is to determine these things? Let us assume that the manager will do so. In that event, if he makes it a purely personal matter he will make mistakes that will react against him. The success of a play depends largely upon publicity, a fact that stands out in sharp contrast with the decision that a theatre is a purely private business. It is not, and never can be. Managers and actors are public characters and cannot by any possibility avoid the responsibilities involved.

There is a public side to the question in spite of all the laws that might be made. A wrong personal application of the power of exclusion might easily develop a demonstration that the rights of an individual involve the rights of the public. There is an unexplored territory there. As a practical matter, the only issue that can be safely exploited is incompetent, malicious, personal and needlessly injurious criticism. Incompetence is not the least of the evils to be expelled. It cannot be well cured. Frivolity can be chastened and corrected. Abuse is a personal matter; honest criticism, even if it causes temporary loss while it saves greater, is a public matter as well.

In all things that concern the financial side of a theatre no doubt the business of conducting one is private. The proceeds of a play belong to the manager. The play belongs to him on its financial side, but on its spiritual side not; once committed to the public it belongs to the public. Criticism (which does not necessarily mean faultfinding), whether favorable or unfavorable, is inevitable, and there is no such thing as private criticism of private property in plays. The very minute an audience issues from the doors of a theatre that criticism becomes public. Of course the managers do not mean to suppress unfavorable criticism when it is just. That would be impossible. Consequently, we do not see anything disturbing in the situation. There is not the slightest danger that both newspapers and theatre managers will bring themselves into public contempt by an enforced policy of soft words or indiscriminate commendation for everything, for stupidity as well as for the noble in intent and the masterly in achievement, for the debasing as for the uplifting, for the bad in art, morals and taste as well as for the good.

No, there is no carnival of complaisancy at hand, in which a Cohan shall equal in esteem a Thomas or a Fitch, in which "Mrs. Warren's Profession" shall stand on the same footing as "Peter Pan." On the contrary, this ruling may work for the betterment of criticism in bringing to it universal moderation, good sense and decency. We may feel reasonably confident of this and that the law and the facts will come to some proper adjustment. There is a vast amount of so-called criticism and an infinite deal of chatter about individuals of the stage that the public would willingly dispense with. We would have no censure for any manager or newspaper proprietor who should insist upon a reduction in the quantity of it and an improvement in the quality of it. It is a happy idea that the headsman should stalk behind every critic, and the blade that falls should be wielded in the interest of Truth and Art and Morals and Taste, and the head should drop into the waste basket of a newspaper and not that of a manager!

J. S. T.

Favorable criticism cannot make a bad play into a success. But it may very easily disgust playgoers who have been deceived by a disingenuous piece of eulogy, and make them give up the habit of theatre-going. When our managers recognize this they will have taken the first step towards restoring prosperity to their theatres—a prosperity they sadly need just now.—A writer in the London *Daily News*.



Courtesy of *Madame et Monsieur*, Paris

THE MONUMENT TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS, IN PARIS

This splendid memorial glorifying the great French dramatist was executed by the eminent French sculptor, Saint Marceaux. It has been placed on the Place Malesherbes, facing the statue of Dumas the elder. Later the statue of General Dumas will be placed there and the name of the square will be changed to Place des Trois Dumas.

Alessandro Bonci—Italy's Famous Tenor

THE coming opera season in New York, with its two distinct companies, promises to be of unusual interest. The rival impresarios, Messrs. Conried and Hammerstein, have scoured the two hemispheres to secure artists of world-wide reputation and to obtain for production operas which are new to our public. Conried's *pièce de résistance* is to be the performance of Strauss' sensational opera "Salome," while Hammerstein has thrown a bomb into the enemy's camp by engaging Bonci, the famous Italian tenor and rival of the equally celebrated Caruso.

Who is the greatest living tenor? Italy, the land of song, has no less than three claimants—the young Zenatello, Caruso, and Bonci—and the admirers of each support their candidate's claim with equal zeal. The former has been heard and admired in London, but is as yet merely a name for most Americans. Caruso, of the golden voice, has charmed New York and other American cities, and now Bonci, a singer of about his age—in the thirties—and with much the same repertoire, comes to contest honors with him in the New World.

With some difficulty the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE secured an interview with the singer—difficulties due not to any unwillingness on the part of the tenor, but because of his many engagements. Having barely concluded an opera season—for opera is given all the year round in Italy in one city or another, and Bonci is always in demand—he was under contract to sing a number of his most famous *arias* for the Fonotipia company in Milan, whose instrument resembles the gramophone, and he was also due in Ostend for two important concerts. The morning that he received your correspondent in Milan he had been singing for more than an hour, but although he declared that he was tired, there was no trace of fatigue in voice or manner.

Alessandro Bonci has nothing in common in appearance with the Neapolitan Caruso. Born in Cesina, in the province of Romagna, he has the blonde coloring, gray eyes, sandy hair and mustache which so often surprises the American, inclined to believe that all Italians must have black hair and eyes. Of somewhat less than medium height, he has broad shoulders, as one would expect of a singer, but is not stout. Mr. Hammerstein at least will be spared the worries of adapting the exigencies of operatic costume to a corpulent tenor. Also, if one may judge

from but a single meeting, the newcomer likes to be well dressed and in good taste.

Signor Bonci has an almost equal reputation in two fields, namely, as a tenor and as a *matinée* idol. Certainly he has a charming and ingratiating manner, and is most easy to talk with; but not in English, of which language he admits he knows not a word.

"French and German, yes," he remarked, "but no English."

He was much interested in all he could learn about America, and is anticipating his departure for New York in October with interest not unmingled with some apprehension.

"I hope the Americans will like me," he said seriously, "but who can tell? I hear it is a difficult public, and that Caruso is a great favorite there. Perhaps they will not want another Italian tenor," he concluded whimsically.

"Possibly you may think an American audience cold at first, but there are 300,000 Italians in New York. Your compatriots will insure you at least a warm welcome."

"But I wish to sing for and please the Americans," said he quickly, "although it will be pleasant to be welcomed by one's countrymen, too. As for the coldness, I do not mind that at first if the applause comes later. I am accustomed to German audiences, who listen with close attention, murmuring at any interruptions of applause during the progress of an act of an opera, but whose applause, when it comes, is sincere and full of critical appreciation. We Italians are too much given to applauding, to crying '*bis, bis!*' during a performance. The action of the opera is interrupted often unreasonably. Do you

know what happened to me recently in Livorno? The audience was demanding that a number be repeated, the director did not wish to repeat it; they were obliged to lower the curtain the people became so uproarious, and I left the theatre. I would not remain."

Signor Bonci comes of a musical family. One grandmother and a grandfather were singers. His mother was a good amateur musician, and one of his brothers is a tenor. His own musical education was accomplished at the musical Liceo in Pesaro, the native city of Rossini, and for the founding of this Liceo the great composer left his entire fortune. Here Bonci studied for six years under the Maestro Coen.



Photo Ermini, Milan

ALESSANDRO BONCI

The famous Italian tenor shortly to make his first American appearance at the new Manhattan Opera House, New York

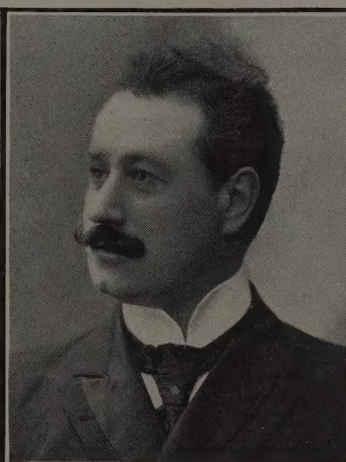


Photos, Artico, Milan

Signora Tetrzzini, Contralto



Signor Sammarco, Baritone



Signor Campanini, Conductor



Rossi, Milan

Mme. Regina Pinkert, Polish Coloratura Soprano

FOREIGN SINGERS ENGAGED BY MR. HAMMERSTEIN FOR THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

His first professional work was as the tenor soloist of the choir of the *Capella di Loreto*. This choir, as famous in Italy as that of the Sistine Chapel, is composed of sixteen picked singers. At the time that young Bonci sang for the position there were forty candidates, from among whom he was chosen. Here he remained for three years, when he felt a longing for an operatic career, and his début was made in the difficult city of Parma, in Verdi's opera "Falstaff." From there he went to Milan, to the Dal Verme, a popular theatre, singing "Faust," and with such success that his career may be said to have been established, for a success in Milan means everything in Italy. From the Dal Verme he went to the Lirico, a more aristocratic theatre; then to the Carlo Fenice, the large Genoese opera house, open only during the carnival season; and then to La Scala, singing in "I Puritani," which has ever since been one of his greatest successes. The tenor rôle is one of the utmost difficulty, and demands a high D. While this might be omitted with us, not so in Italy. Every Italian in the audience waits for that note; were it not sung the tenor would hear of its omission, one may rest assured.

Subsequent successes were obtained in St. Petersburg, Madrid, Lisbon, London, at Covent Garden, and the new Waldorf Theatre, where both Bonci and de Cisneros appeared with the company of which our American soprano, Alice Nielsen, was a member, and in Rio Janeiro, for almost all the best Italian artists visit our South American neighbors, either in Rio Janeiro or Buenos Ayres, before coming to New York. Four years ago Bonci sang in "The Barber of Seville" with Sembrich in Berlin, and Vienna listens to him with delight.

Bonci has heard of the reports in our papers that he and Caruso are rivals, that this winter will witness their contest for honors, artistic and social, and he was highly amused.

"As a matter of fact we shall hardly be rivals," said he, "for I shall sing in the old Italian operas, and he sings in the modern ones, I believe. I do not expect to sing in 'Aida,' in 'La Tosca,' nor in 'Madame Butterfly,' and he will not sing in 'I Puritani'."

"And in what operas are we to hear you, Signor Bonci?"

"In 'I Puritani,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Rigoletto,' 'The Barber of Seville,' 'La Favorita,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' 'La Bohème,' and possibly in Massenet's 'Werther'."

It will be seen, however, that this list includes several in which Caruso has won laurels in New York. From what unprejudiced ones tell me, however, there would seem to be this difference between the two singers who are likely to be most frequently compared this winter. Caruso's voice is said to be more robust, for which reason he sings many of the modern Italian operas. Bonci, on the other hand, is said to embody, even more than Caruso, the true old Italian art of *bel canto*. He sings, according to one musical authority, with the most exquisite taste and style. Naturally, with these characteristics, he has more scope to display his talents in the old school operas. A remark of his would seem to indicate that this opinion as to his finished style was correct.

"I hope that I shall have opportunities to sing in concert," he said. "I am very fond of and successful in this line. There are Sunday night concerts, I believe?"

This being answered in the affirmative, I told him of our orchestras, our Philharmonic, Symphony and Boston Symphony concerts, and he seemed much interested.

"And is Boston a large city?" he asked. "People have written me from Boston; ladies whom I do not know, but who have heard me in Europe, and have said that I should come to their city, that the public would like me."

He was amazed to learn that it was a larger city than Milan, and doubtless the New World will have many other surprises for him. The prospect of being interviewed by journalists with whom he may be quite unable to converse, also amused him; but he has heard of our journalistic methods, so will be somewhat prepared. I asked him if he made caricatures, and he laughed.

"No, I have no accomplishment of that kind," he replied. "I understand that Caruso is very fond of making them."

Milan, July.

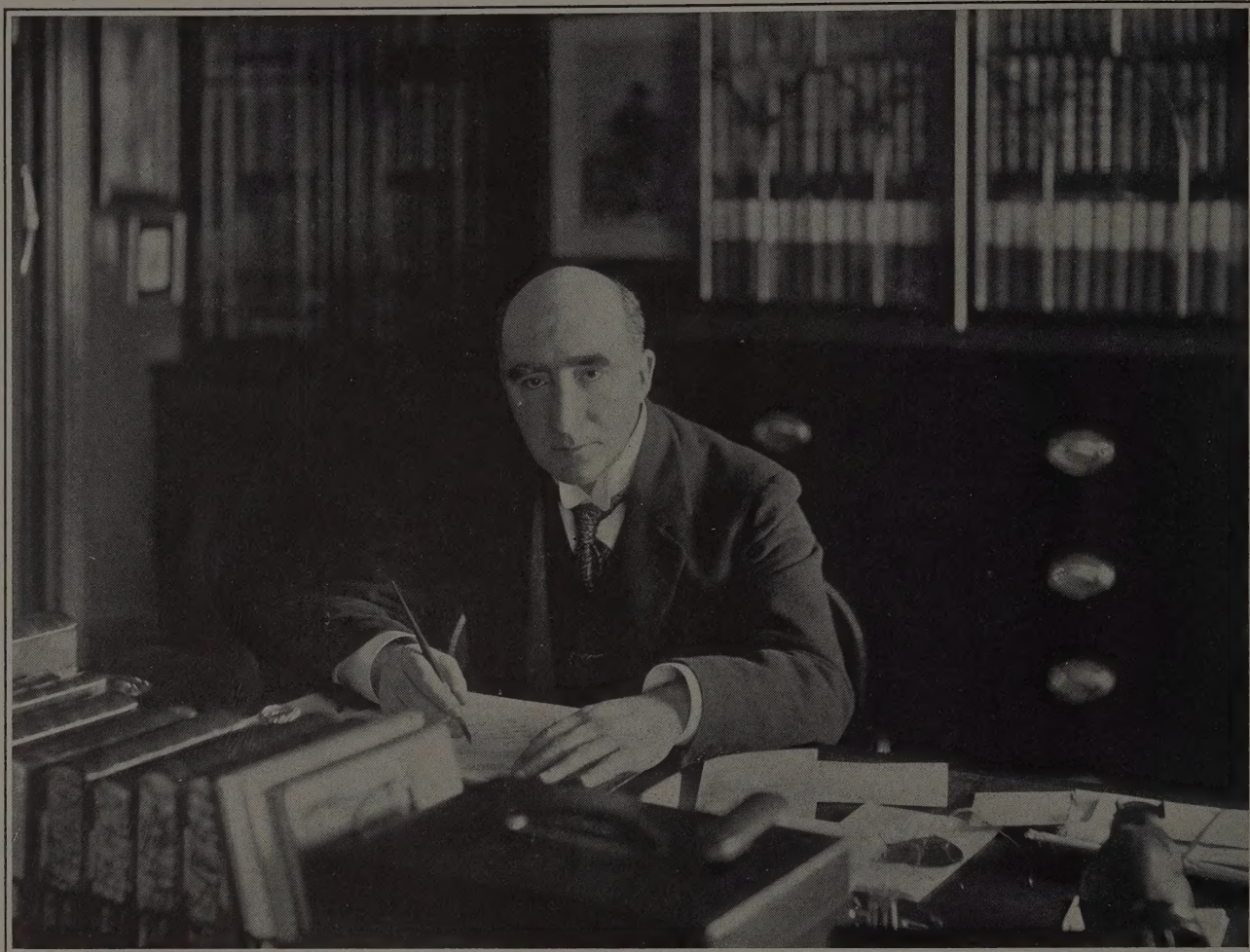
ELISE LATHROP.



Schloss, N. Y.

BLANCHE WALSH

This picturesque and forceful actress will be seen some time this season as Lady Macbeth, a rôle she has been studying for some years



THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" AT WORK ON A PLAY

"No Pleasure in the Theatre for Me," Says Pinero

FOR musical comedies, farces, and frothy entertainment, the theatrical managers of London have but to raise their hands, and a crowd of authors respond; but for substantial drama that serves its purpose with actor, audience, and manager, they must still turn to Arthur Wing Pinero. He has made incursions into the realm of the exotic drama, of which "Iris," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" were the fruits, and in his earlier period he contributed several clever farces to the gaiety of nations, but the demand for serious work has been made upon him in late years by all the managers who made bids for his literary product. Although he has frequently expressed his desire to again try his hand at the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment, the opposition has been strong enough to induce him to abandon the project.

He seems to have found a personal satisfaction in labeling some of his modern plays "comic" or "serio-comic," but they have been so in name only. Each has been a

play with a purpose, a drama with a great central theme, about which his stage creations revolved in setting forth the preachment that the author wished to deliver to the people.

Pinero is just now allowing himself a long vacation. His latest play, "His House in Order," has been on the London stage a year, and with George Alexander in the principal rôle has achieved one of the two genuine successes of the London season. John Drew, who is about to produce the play in America, has been in London during the summer attending the performances and ar-

ranging for his own assumption of the rôle, which will be one of the most serious parts that he has played since he became a star.

I found Pinero at his London home in Hanover Square, when he chanced to be in town on one of those brief excursions necessitated by business. He maintains a beautiful establishment and visits it frequently; but his real home, as well as his heart, is in a modest little cottage in Sussex. Several years ago he purchased the place, being attracted by its



MRS. PINERO AND HER DOGS

age of over two centuries; its beautiful natural surroundings, and the opportunities afforded for improvement, in which he felt that he would like to take a hand. To this little cottage he and his wife went after the production of the last play, and they are now enjoying what Pinero himself says is a "well-earned vacation."

"I have been working steadily for twenty-five years," he said to me, when I asked him to talk to THEATRE MAGAZINE readers about his future plans; "I believe that if ever a man deserved and needed a vacation I did. Perhaps work, literary work, is harder for me than for some people. At any rate, I have almost exhausted myself in my unceasing effort to give the best there was in me to the theatre. Now I am tired out. I realize that to work at this time would be an injustice to myself, therefore I have stopped work for many months. It is impossible for me to com-

usually now leave a work to its own fate after the final rehearsal.

"Why should I go to the theatre? People go to the playhouse for pleasure. It is my workshop, and there is no pleasure in the theatre for me. I prefer to wander about the crowded streets of London, or among the hills and trees surrounding my cottage. I cannot say, however, in which place I receive the greater relaxation and inspiration. There is something that appeals to me in the London street—just as it appealed to Johnson and Dickens—but the country beckons me away, and I imagine that the greater part of my future literary work will be done at my cottage."

"What is your opinion of the present status of the drama in England?"

"Bad, very bad," he replied, puffing his pipe vigorously and gazing out through the rings of blue smoke. "We are making



MR. PINERO'S REAL HOME—A MODEST LITTLE COTTAGE IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND

bine work and play. I can make myself write, whether or not I feel so disposed; but when I do so there is no pleasure for me. Therefore, it is better for me to take my play-spell when I feel like it, for I know that when the inclination to work returns I shall do better work for having rested.

"Hereafter I have decided to write no more than one play a year, and I may not even do that. I have a sufficient income from what I have already done, so why should I nag myself to write when it is an effort? I may also decide to break away from the serious vein, and my next play may be a comedy or even a farce. It would be relaxation, and that is what I am looking for at present. I shall not think about my next work, however, until the coming autumn. When the flowers begin to fade in my country garden, when the days are too chilly to be comfortable out-of-doors, and when London seems to beckon to me, I shall put on the harness and go to work again. Then it will be farewell to friends, pleasures, and all that I am just now enjoying, until I have seen my play produced—or shortly before, for I have lately taken a strong aversion to the theatre, even when my own plays are being produced, and I

little or no progress. Facts and figures will prove, I believe, that my play, 'His House in Order,' has been the one success of the London season, from a financial standpoint, so far as serious drama is concerned. That is a discouraging condition. When it will change, none can tell. I confess I cannot see any signs of a better and more serious drama at present. Our people are not talking of the right topics. They are not thinking of the right things. Bridge, tennis, a revolt in Macedonia, a demand on the Sultan to pay a debt, or the arrest of an anarchist in Spain, attract much more attention from the British mind than the production of a great work of art of any kind. When people are thinking and talking of political and social scandal, they cannot be contributing anything towards the encouragement of art, and unless the drama and kindred arts are encouraged they must decline, just as our drama has declined. The real drama cannot survive unless it has the thoughtful encouragement and appreciation of the public, and failing to have these in the recent past, it has given room to musical comedies, ballets and vaudeville.

"Formerly I ascribed our lack of appreciation of the drama to the geographical and political position of England. We, as a

nation, are always disturbed over some national issue, particularly our alliances and relations with other nations. These things are the topics in drawing rooms; they are the things read about in boudoirs. Our people are so crowded with the more material things of life that they have no time for art.

"America should serve as an example to the world in these things. There is no natural cause to prevent the American stage from ranking above all others. I am sorry to be unable to say that I believe Americans are more thoughtful of art than the British. You too, have gone in for imperialism; and with the cares that have come since the war with Spain, added to the always awkward Monroe Doctrine, the people of the United States have plenty of topics similar to those with which the British public is concerned at the present time.

"American dramatists have done good work, however, and while they have produced nothing strikingly original, they have given evidence of having caught the American spirit. Originality in playwriting evolves from imitation; and sooner or later, we all expect a thoroughly American drama from your native writers."

"What do you think about the success of future American plays in England?"

"That is a question that always puzzles me. We are so much alike in most particulars—we English and you Americans—that it seems strange we should apparently differ so radically in dramatic opinion. Still, we do occasionally agree, and one is led to believe that a good play is just as good in Madagascar as in London or New York. But there are many instances where a great dramatic success in London falls flat in America; and as we have just seen in the case of 'The Lion and the Mouse' a phenomenal success in America did not please the English public. I believe that ignorance, or at least lack of information, is at the bottom of all this. We do not yet understand the pulse that throbs in American life. We do

not understand just what causes it to beat rapidly; we do not know what is vital to it. On the other hand, observe that the Americans do not as a rule understand the Cockney impersonations of

Albert Chevalier, and do not comprehend our typically English plays to any better advantage. So, while we are cousins, and are bound together by the closest ties of kinship, we live in entirely different atmospheres, and the gardens in which we are reared are cultivated under entirely different conditions. The cedar tree grows to lofty proportions in the tropical climate; in the northern Japanese islands it becomes a dwarfed table decoration. Still, both are cedars; both belong to the same great family, and one cannot venture to say whether the southern or northern cedar is the 'correct' growth. I do not say that England is the tropical tree and that America is the dwarfed species; and I do not reason to the contrary. I believe, as I said before, that our different viewpoints are brought about by political, atmospheric, and geographical conditions.

"Some very good American plays have enjoyed a great vogue in England. I remember 'Secret Service' was fully appreciated by our people.

Why? It was an American play, but one that had all the broad essentials of the life and passions of any people. Several other American pieces have prospered in London; but what was true of 'Secret Service' was true of them—excepting in a few cases where there was a great, commanding personality of actors that demanded attention. My own plays have, as a rule, been cordially received by America and I have a particular liking for success in your country, although I have similar results in several foreign countries. I have found great satisfaction in writing work that was equally acceptable to Americans and Englishmen."

"How about 'The Wife Without a Smile'?"

"That failed dismally in America; but it failed first in England. I was not at all anxious for the American production after my experience in London, knowing that the line



Marceau

FRANCES RING

Seen in the rôle of Sonia in Stanley Darke's new society play, "The Man and the Angel"



Hall

ANNIE RUSSELL

Who is appearing at the Astor Theatre as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"



Sarony

MARGARET DALE

Formerly leading woman with John Drew, and who will be with Mr. Crane this season



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ELLEN TERRY IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"

In which the distinguished English actress will be seen during her coming American tour

of thought suggested by a few 'smart' London critics would be eagerly taken up on the other side. I was not mistaken. Mr. Frohman thought otherwise, however, and the production was made. What had been said here was repeated in New York—and the piece was withdrawn. I know that the public was cheated, however, by giving ear to writers who didn't know what they were

scribbling about—or perhaps more properly, writers who did know, and were pleased over the success of what they considered a crusade. They took the incident of the dancing doll, completely reversed its meaning and made a terrible 'offense to public morals' out of what I had intended to be a mere stroke of comedy. People seem to like to follow such a lead. They did in this instance; and instead of

seeing what there was of merit in my play, and passing cool, deliberate, thoughtful judgment upon it, they focused their attentions on the doll episode, and seeing through the green glasses of the critics, ruined the play.

"Critics! I care little for what they write or for what they say or think, except when it does actual damage to author and public, as I feel it did in this case. In my opinion there is only about one critic in London who knows his business as well as I know mine. No one can tell me whether or not I have written a good or a bad play. When I leave it in the hands of the actors, after the dress or final rehearsal, I know better than any living person whether I have written a good play."

ARCHIE BELL.



Bangs

H. B. WARNER

Son of Charles Warner and leading man with Eleanor Robson this season



HOLBROOK BLINN

Playing the part of David Tryne, a Svengali-like cripple in "The Man and the Angel"

An Evening with Betty Hennings

THE night before Henrik Ibsen was to be buried with state honors by the government of Norway I spent as the guest of Betty Hennings, the originator of nearly all the important female characters created by Ibsen, at her home in Filippavej, in Copenhagen.

The talk naturally drifted first toward the great dramatic master builder, with whose work Fru Hennings was so closely associated. I said to her:

"Why are you not going up to the funeral in Christiania to-morrow? Of all the persons in the world you are the one who ought to be there to honor his memory and to honor yourself."

"The management of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen," Fru Hennings replied, "feels that my place to-morrow is in the cast of 'Gjengangere' (badly translated into English as 'Ghosts') in the memorial performance scheduled to take place, in which I shall play Mrs. Alving."

Asked to tell of her first meeting with Ibsen, the world's greatest Ibsen actress continued:

"Personally, I have been in Ibsen's company only a few times. The first time I met him was at the house of Hegel, the publisher, after the author had seen me play the rôle of Hedvig in 'Vildanden' (The Wild Duckling). Then Ibsen said: 'How do you do?' and I replied: 'How do you do?' He looked at me, and I looked at him, and he did not say another word.

"The second time we met was in Christiania—during my 'guest' engagement at the National Theatre. I went up to his house, rang the door bell and waited, while my heart was thumping because I knew that he was not an easy man to see. I was asked into his parlor and waited a while. Then the door from his study opened and Ibsen stood before me. Then he opened his arms—I fell into his embrace—and we kissed each other.

"He asked me which one of his characters interested me most. At that time I was deeply engrossed in 'The Lady from the Sea,' and told him that was the rôle in which I was most interested. Ibsen then replied that that was also the character which interested him most. Then he said that he wanted to move to Denmark and live on the shore road. He also spoke about the scenery and the beautiful nature of Denmark, but he would not

discuss any question concerning the theatre. When I returned from Trondhjem he sent me a beautiful wreath with the Danish colors, and a letter expressing the hope that we would meet again in Copenhagen."

The interviewer looked in amazement at the slender little woman before him. Only twice had the dramatist and the actress met—this actress who had originated the following Ibsen rôles

before any other artiste in any other tongue in the world had attempted to play them: Selma in "The Society of the Young"; Nora in "A Doll's Home" ("house" is a very bad translation); Hedvig in "The Wild Duckling"; Ellida in "The Lady from the Sea"; Hilda in "Master Builder Solness"; Hedda in "Hedda Gabler"; Ella in "John Gabriel Borkman"; the young sister in "Little Eyolf"; the strange lady in "When We Dead Awaken," and Mrs. Alving in "Gjengangere."

The dramatist furnished the play and the actress did the acting. Both being masters there was no need of midnight conferences, or tedious discussions of trivial points. And Christiania is only a night's ride from Copenhagen!

Is there another actress living in the twentieth century who could achieve the same success in the character of Hedvig, the 14-year-old girl affected slightly with blindness, as in the rôle of the white-haired Mrs. Alving in "Gjengangere," the mother of a diseased son, or one whose Hedda is as perfect a piece of structural art as her Nora?

I do not think anyone, gifted with the spirit of even the wildest American fantasy, could picture either Duse, Bern-

hardt, Réjane, or Sorma as a 14-year-old girl, and among Ibsen's American interpreters I do not believe that Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw, or Blanche Bates, clever as they are, could go beyond their physical limitations in order to attempt that rôle.

England does not possess a single actress of prominence who has the acute intelligence or flexible temperament necessary to play any of the Ibsen characters.

I saw Fru Hennings within the space of a week play both Mrs. Alving and little Hedvig. Since then I have been several months trying to decide which was the greater performance of the two. Up to this writing the answer is still in doubt. But aside from



Betty Hennings
30-5-1906.

BETTY HENNINGS, THE DANISH ACTRESS, WHO ORIGINATED NEARLY ALL THE IMPORTANT FEMALE ROLES CREATED BY HENRIK IBSEN



BETTY HENNING IN "THE WILD DUCKLING"

the acting, the evening I spent at "The Wild Duckling" was the more profitable because the play is so much greater than "Gjengangere." This is also the opinion of Fru Hennings, who said:

"I consider 'The Wild Duckling' the most wonderful of the wonderful. I am not thinking of Hedvig, but of the play. That play will never die, because in that you look into yourself, and it takes possession of us all as no other work does.

"For a long while I refused to play Mrs. Alving. There was something in her which hurt me and I could not understand that she acted as she did.

that I could not understand the woman who could leave her home. But now I understand that she could leave her home and that is the reason I can now make it clear through my acting. And now it is all turned around. The fluttering, the light, the butterfly-like aspect of Nora's character no longer interests me, because it does not take possession of me. But, per contra, the woman, who is unfolded in the third act—her I can feel, her I can understand. I can understand that she is a modern human being, a human being who keeps abreast of the times and will continue to keep abreast of them because she is being developed. The other one stands still. She is the lark, the little squirrel jumping from branch to branch, who can never develop."

After this discourse on the works of the great, austere Norwegian Pan, who drove the sheep of humbug and hypocrisy before him as before a tempest, Fru Hennings changed from the rôle of raconteur into that of hostess, and taking my arm, escorted me into the dining room. There a midsummer supper was served, the charm of which I almost forgot in watching the natural simplicity through which the queen of the Danish stage gave evidence that her domestic virtues were as great as her dramatic art. She herself waited on the party, consisting of her husband, who is the manager of a large music-publishing house; her prospective daughter-in-law, and myself, leaving to the servant only the task of opening the wine and the beer.

Think of hot, two-inch thick asparagus and other summer delicacies served to you by the same hands that while as Mrs. Alving clasped Oswald to her breast, seeing that she could not "give him the sun"; that while as Nora shook her children in a frantic farewell, and that while as Hedvig seized the revolver and fired the shot that put the wan little wild duckling out of her misery!

I almost felt like keeping one of those asparagus for a souvenir, but fortunately, Fru Hennings instead, later in the evening, gave me her latest picture, reproduced here, showing her in her parlor.

But now I understand that she could not be otherwise, and that she had to think and to act as she did. And then I played Mrs. Alving.

"The great crisis in my career as an actress came when I played Nora in 'A Doll's Home' for the first time. A new world was opened to me. Until then I had played ingenues—all the pretty and sweet little French and Danish ingenues. But now I had to play a human being. I got hold of something that cut deep into one's soul and made one look into the corners of one's own self. Really, it was almost like a dream when I began to work on Nora. I was completely happy. There was something so great about that play that to act in it was wonderful. Now, when I play Nora, the first two acts almost bore me, and it is not until the third act comes that I begin to like to play. That act takes complete possession of me, whereas I am rather indifferent to the others.

"But when I was younger, it was quite different. Then I understood so easily the little flying lark who was in love, and it was easy to give it expression; whereas the heavy—I cannot find the particular word that expresses it. I mean



BETTY HENNING AS MRS. ALVING IN "GHOSTS"

When the meal was over and we had adjourned into the sitting room for coffee and cigars Fru Hennings turned the tables on me by asking me a volley of questions about America and American theatres. She could immediately see one great advantage that the system of traveling stars and traveling organizations possessed, namely, this—the audience did not grow tired of the player, nor the player of the audience—which was frequently the case at an endowed theatre like the Royal in Copenhagen.

Fru Hennings has played most of her Ibsen repertoire in Berlin, Prague, Stockholm and other Continental cities, she using the Danish tongue while the other members of the cast employed the language of the land.

I firmly believe that New York would accept this great woman, even if she played in Danish and the other players in English, because her art is so different from that of any other artist.

A. TOXEN WORM.

THE DÉBUT of "LOHENGRIN"



RICHARD WAGNER

EARLY last spring there took place, in the Berlin Royal Opera House, the 500th representation of the opera "Lohengrin."

This opera was composed as far back as 1848, and Wagner had then hoped that its first performance would take place in the above city. This disappointed hope he probably had in mind when he wrote on March 18, 1873, to the Committee of the "Berlin Wagner Verein" in the following strain:

"I have always thought that this work belonged especially to Berlin, whither is directed the gaze of all those who long to call back the real German spirit. My wish, though, remained unfulfilled, but that was mostly due to the fact that the way to the proper person was barred."

At this time Wagner was already looked upon with some suspicion at the Dresden Court, and the following year he crossed the frontier of his native country a fugitive.

On the 29th of January, 1850, he traveled from Zurich to Paris, and from this city wrote to Liszt:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I have just been reading a passage or two in the score of my 'Lohengrin.' As a rule, I never read my works. A passionate longing flamed up in me to see my 'Lohengrin' properly launched. So now I lay this request at your heart, Perform my 'Lohengrin'! *You* are the only one of whom I would make the request. To no other would I entrust the creation of this opera. But to you I do entrust it in perfect and joyful confidence."

After overcoming monstrous obstacles Liszt finally complied with his friend's request, and Wagner was able to write to certain interested friends in Zurich as follows:

"I am able, at last, to tell you that Liszt is about to produce my 'Lohengrin' at Weimar, on the largest possible scale."

But the master's fondest wish that Liszt, with the aid of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and of Saxe-Weimar, should be able to obtain him a safe conduct from Switzerland to Weimar was not

to be realized. He, therefore, was forced to confine himself to epistolary stage directions. But he would hear of no compromise in the matter, for in the correspondence between him and Liszt on this occasion, he wrote:

"Should I fail to win this victory, should I on this occasion, when I have so powerful an ally as yourself, be obliged to capitulate, then I will never enter the lists again. If I can only maintain the success of my

'Lohengrin' by tearing away any of its well-considered artistic cohesion, I will give the whole opera up!"

But on this subject Liszt speedily reassured his friend by writing him:

"Of course, it goes without the saying that we do not intend to cut out one single note or one iota of your magnificent work, which we will give, as far as it is possible, in all its pure beauty."

On Goethe's birthday, August 28, 1850, the memorable "first night" of "Lohengrin" took place at Weimar, and it may be interesting to know that among the violinists on this occasion in the orchestra was Joseph Joachim, "the violin king," then a lad of nineteen years of age, whom Liszt had especially engaged from Leipsic.

Directly after this performance Liszt wrote thus to Wagner:

"Your 'Lohengrin' from beginning to end is a sublime work. Many of its passages stir my heart most deeply. The opera, without doubt, is an unique and indivisible marvel."

It was fully three years after its first performance before a second theatre, the Archducal Nassau Court Theatre, in Weisbaden, followed the example of the Weimar one in producing "Lohengrin." Its first production in the Berlin Royal Opera House was on June 23, 1859. It was not, however, until May 12, 1861, that Richard Wagner was permitted, for the first time, to be present at its performance. This occasion was its presentation in the Royal Opera House of Vienna, where the composer was called many times before the curtain and enthusiastically applauded.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.



FRANZ LISZT



THE HOUSE IN WHICH "LOHENGRIN" WAS WRITTEN



Photo by White, N. Y.

CHARLOTTE WALKER

This interesting young actress has grown to be much in demand for metropolitan productions, having appeared last season in no fewer than eight different rôles. Her most recent appearance was as the wife in Rupert Hughes' short-lived drama, "The Triangle." Miss Walker is a native of Galveston, Texas, and made her début in that city soon after the great storm as member of the chorus in a musical show. She attracted the attention of James K. Hackett and was given minor rôles in some of his productions until finally he entrusted her with the rôle of Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis." Her success was such that she remained playing leading rôles with Mr. Hackett for four years. This coming season she will be seen as the heroine of Louis Evan Shipman's play "On Parole," the part being that of a Virginia girl during war time, 1862

The Homes of the Players



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF JULIA MARLOWE'S RESIDENCE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

IN the eyes of the general, indiscriminating public the actor of to-day, socially considered, is still what the old and as yet unrepealed English law declared him to be four centuries ago—a rogue and a vagabond. It is recognized that some of our leading players have high standing in the community, and by the exercise of their talent and thrift have succeeded in accumulating handsome competences, but these, argues the Philistine, are merely the exceptions that go to prove the rule. The average player, he insists, remains what he always was—careless, shiftless, improvident, lax in morals, in short, a wholly irresponsible person. This characterization fits no doubt a certain percentage of the rank and file of the Thespian army, but it is far too sweeping to apply nowadays to actors as a class. The modern player is making more money than he ever made, and what is more important, he is learning to save it, and so substantial are the rewards of stage success that a popular actor who makes a hit one season may easily find himself the possessor of a snug fortune a few years later, and this without much

effort. A case in point is the experience of Robert Edson. Half a dozen years ago he made a hit, he was quickly starred and now he has a comfortable fortune of at least \$100,000.

It is not generally known how many players save their money and by judicious investments increase the size of their savings. Maude Adams, May Irwin, Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe, Rose Melville, Richard Mansfield, W. H. Crane, Frank Daniels, David Warfield, Francis Wilson, John Drew, Sam Bernard, are all credited with fortunes of not less than \$200,000. Miss Adams and Mr. Crane, probably, are worth far more than that. Other rich players are Louis Mann, Jefferson de Angelis, Ezra Kendal, J. K. Hackett, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Lillian Russell and the Roger Bros.

The nature of his business of necessity makes the actor a wanderer, in other words, a vagabond—that is, he must ever be on the wing, and therefore has little opportunity to know the home life which other men enjoy. The only time when home life is at all possible is in the summer when play-acting is



Byron, N. Y.

LILLIAN RUSSELL TAKING BREAKFAST IN HER HOME ON WEST 57TH STREET



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E. H. SOTHERN AND HIS WIFE (VIRGINIA HARNED)
PLAYING ROMEO AND JULIET IN REAL LIFE

win Booth, too, used often to visit Mr. Barrett, and, grouped on the veranda of one of the homes, many were the fishing trips and many the stories spun out by these celebrities. The Crane home is situated close to the rocky and picturesque seacoast, on what is known as the Jerusalem road, one of the most beautiful drives in all New England. When Mr. Crane purchased the place twenty years ago, it was naught but a fisherman's cottage—scarcely a cottage—only a tiny little fishing-box-of-a-place. The house is now a big, rambling one—very like an old English country house. Mr. Crane has frequently rebuilt and enlarged the home and these constant building-ons have been a more expensive procedure than would have been the building of a completely new house three times the size of the present one. But Mr. Crane, superstitious like most actors, has ever been influenced by the old saying: "If you destroy the old home, you'll never live to enjoy the new."

Mr. Crane is one of America's richest actors, but his home is delightfully unostentatious. The rooms are large, the ceilings low, and the furnishings simple. One portion of the veranda is very wide, and is so popular a spot with Mr. Crane that the evening meal is often served there. This same porch has, in the late summer, many times been used as a stage for the rehearsals of his forthcoming season's play. Mr. and Mrs. Crane are very fond of entertaining, and every guest is welcomed in an absolutely democratic way. With an attendance of six or seven servants, with three or four horses in the stables and beautiful drives stretching in every direction the country round, with a fine yacht riding the harbor and all sorts of fishing found along this part of the coast, both comfort and pleasure are assured the many guests that it has long been the custom of the Cranes to invite to their delightful home.

Mrs. Crane's ill health for the past few years has every spring necessitated a trip to Carlsbad for the baths. As Mr. Crane spends the time there with her, the home enjoyment at Cohasset has been of late regretfully given up. But the house has been built to serve as a winter as well as a summer residence, and it is here that Mr. Crane is planning to pass his old age, when the stage knows him no more. He also owns

temporarily suspended, and this explains why most of our wealthy actors, who can afford to build their own homes, seek them in summer places. Other leading players, whose popularity enables them to play long metropolitan engagements, have their residences in New York, but they are the exception.

Cohasset, twenty miles from Boston, has for twenty years been the home of Wm. H. Crane. Years ago this little village could

also boast of the homes of Lawrence Barrett, Thorne, and Stuart Robson. Edwin

another beautiful home at Auburndale, Mass., which he built for his two sisters. One of them lived but a short time to enjoy this generous gift, and that the other might not suffer loneliness, Mr. Crane invited a close friend of his sister's to share the home with her. In return for her companionship his generosity is still further manifested in sending to her each month a handsome check.

John Drew owns a beautiful home at East Hampton, L. I. The house was built only five or six years ago, and is the first home that Mr. Drew has ever possessed. Before locating at East Hampton, Mr. Drew spent most of his summers traveling and playing. At that time, too, his daughter, Louise Drew, was at school in France and Germany. But upon her return to America, Mr. Drew decided it was time to settle down, and the extreme end of Long Island was selected as the place for their summer home. The village of East Hampton is something like two hundred and fifty years old, and is a very quiet, conservative little place. Its one distinguishing feature is its main street, which is lined with the most wonderful elm trees of immense size. The Drew home is a little distance from the town and stands very near the ocean. The house is a large one, and many a week-end party has enjoyed the Drew hospitality. It is a finely appointed home throughout. There is a great deal of Georgian furniture and the dining room displays the finest of glassware and china. On the walls of the library are framed and hung a number of very old programmes of celebrated plays and players. One recently secured by Mr. Drew is a programme dated 1860, and the cast is headed with his father's name. The bill reads: "Theatre Royal, Dublin, Samuel Lovers' Drama, 'Rory O'More.'" Half way down the programme is the name of Henry Irving.



Byron, N. Y.

MRS. E. H. SOTHERN (VIRGINIA HARNED) LEAVING THE SOTHERN RESIDENCE ON WEST 67TH STREET, NEW YORK



Byron, N. Y.

EXTERIOR AND LIBRARY OF FRANCIS WILSON'S HOME AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

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Much of Mr. Drew's time when at East Hampton is spent riding. His daughter is also a splendid rider and driver. Mrs. Drew used to ride with them, but of late years has given it up. Mr. Drew and his daughter are the closest of friends. A combined expression of his regard for her and for horses is shown in a photograph of Miss Drew, framed with a steel racing plate that was worn by Mr. Drew's favorite mare during a winning race one fall. This unique picture Mr. Drew always carries with him. Mr. Drew is very fond of his home and, until the present summer, he and his family have spent every year at their home since it was built. This summer they have taken a trip to the Mediterranean and cities of Southern Europe.

It is fifteen years since Francis Wilson built his home at New Rochelle, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson decided on a suburban

home that they might give the then but one very small Miss Wilson the benefit of more sunshine and purer air. This New Rochelle home is called "The Orchard," because the place was a big apple orchard when Mr. Wilson bought it. Although there are few apple trees now remaining, the name still clings.

It is a widely known fact that the word "home" means a great deal to Mr. Wilson. Whenever he is playing in New York or Brooklyn, he goes home every night after his performance. And even when playing in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, or Boston, he never fails on Sundays to make the trip to New Rochelle, if only for a few hours' stay.

Next to his family, Mr. Wilson's regard is for his books. He has a fine library of about 12,000 volumes, and he spends most of his time reading, writing and studying. He reads biography



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RICHARD MANSFIELD AND HIS WIFE (BEATRICE CAMERON) TAKING TEA AT HOME



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ETHEL BARRYMORE AND A CORNER OF HER HOME IN NEW YORK



W. H. CRANE'S HOME AT COHASSET, MASS.

In this idyllic spot the comedian is planning to pass his old age



OTIS SKINNER'S HOME AT BRYN MAWR, PA.

This favorite player's abode is given the hospitable name "The Larchstring"

and fiction, and, of course, much of Shakespeare and other drama. Each day when he enters the library he declares some book seems to beckon to him and say "Good-morning," and some special plea for its perusal immediately follows. He never tires of his books. "If one really loves to read," says Mr. Wilson, "one simply can't stop. Reading becomes as necessary to the life intellectual as food to the life physical."

In addition to his fortune in books, Mr. Wilson owns a fine collection of thirty or forty modern Dutch paintings, some of which have cost him no small amount. When outdoor interests are considered, golf is the sport in which Mr. Wilson most indulges. Sometimes he is at the game morning, afternoon and evening.

Only about seven months ago his eldest daughter married a celebrated French cartoonist. That her father tremendously misses her absence from home, is evident from a sentence or two uttered in Francis Wilson-like fashion: "She's been in Paris for the last four months, the little devil," he said. "How she can prefer her husband to her father is more than I can understand." Mr. Wilson's other daughter, who is just nineteen, attends school at Forest Glen, Md. "When she's at home," continued Mr. Wilson, "she

keeps things moving. She's the life of the home." A query ventured as to what she is especially interested in, brought another burst of half-opposing, half-submissive words, expressive of Francis Wilson sentiment: "Oh, she's interested in boys, mostly! I suppose *she'll* be finding some one soon."

Away up in the highlands of Westchester County, N. Y., is a farm of about eighty acres that is very dear to the heart of Blanche Bates. Miss Bates purchased the place late last summer, and all through the long run of her success at the Belasco Theatre this past winter she has clung, as much as possible, to the free life of the hills and woods. Every day, with but few exceptions, she has taken an early morning train and spent several hours at the farm with her mother, returning to New York in the late afternoon just in time for her evening performance.

This farm is the first home that Miss Bates has ever considered her own, and recently it became necessary to mortgage the place in order to meet some demands that were the result of loss of other property caused by the frightful San Francisco disaster.

The freedom of the country and the simplest of surroundings is the life that Miss Bates dearly loves. Her New York farm commands a fine view of



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MARGARET ANGLIN IN HER HOME ON WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK



Byron, N. Y.

VIOLA ALLEN AT HER \$60,000 COUNTRY HOME, IN GREENWICH, CONN.

the Hudson and, on clear days, a stretch of the Sound can be seen. The little dilapidated farmhouse has been kept very much as it was when Miss Bates bought it. There is no show, no luxury anywhere. What most women spend on luxurious homes, extravagant clothes, or travel, Miss Bates expends for horses and dogs. Among the nine horses which she owns is a fine iron-gray Kentucky *thoroughbred*, which is Miss Bates' favorite, two beautiful gray Arabian mares, and an Irish jumper. Miss Bates is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and, sometimes accompanied by her mother, she spends hours in the saddle every day. She is quite as fond of dogs as of horses, and fourteen marks the present number of these pets. There are French poodles, collies, bull dogs, Irish terriers, a tiny French bull dog, and a beautiful Russian wolf-hound.

For two years Henry Dixey has owned a beautiful estate of one hundred acres located at Wassaic, N. Y. The house contains a large art gallery, a library of ten thousand volumes, a bowling alley, billiard room—in all, no less than twenty-four

his estate, and has the distinction of being the only actor in the world who owns a playhouse. It is a small one, of course, seating



Byron, N. Y. LOUIS MANN AND CLARA LIPMAN IN THEIR HOME ON WEST 101st ST.



ROBT. MANTELL AND WIFE AT THEIR COUNTRY HOME

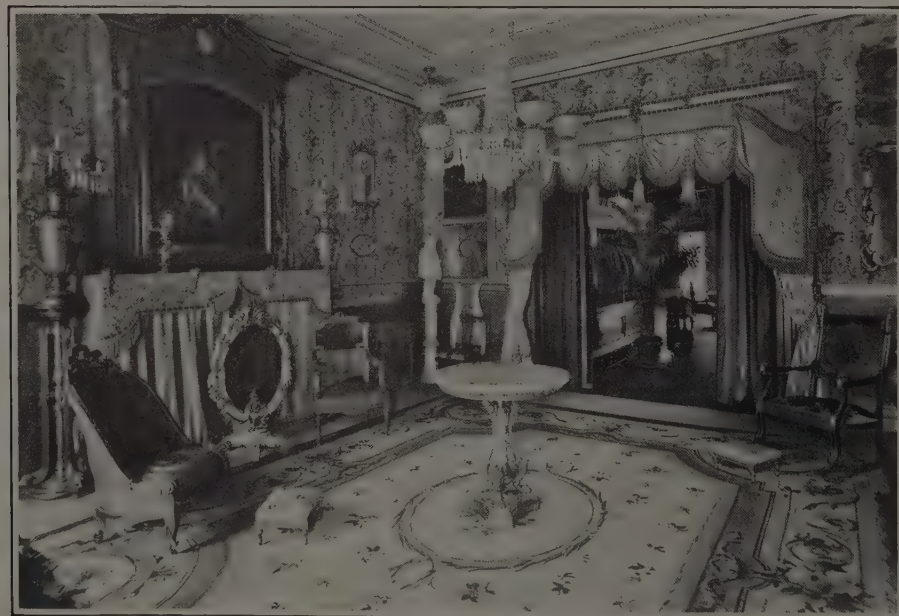


Copyright Byron BLANCHE BATES AT HOME



LOUIS JAMES' HOUSE AT MONMOUTH BEACH, N. J.

rooms. Mr. Dixey also owns a theatre in the little village near 300 people. Sometimes during the summer Mr. Dixey rehearses

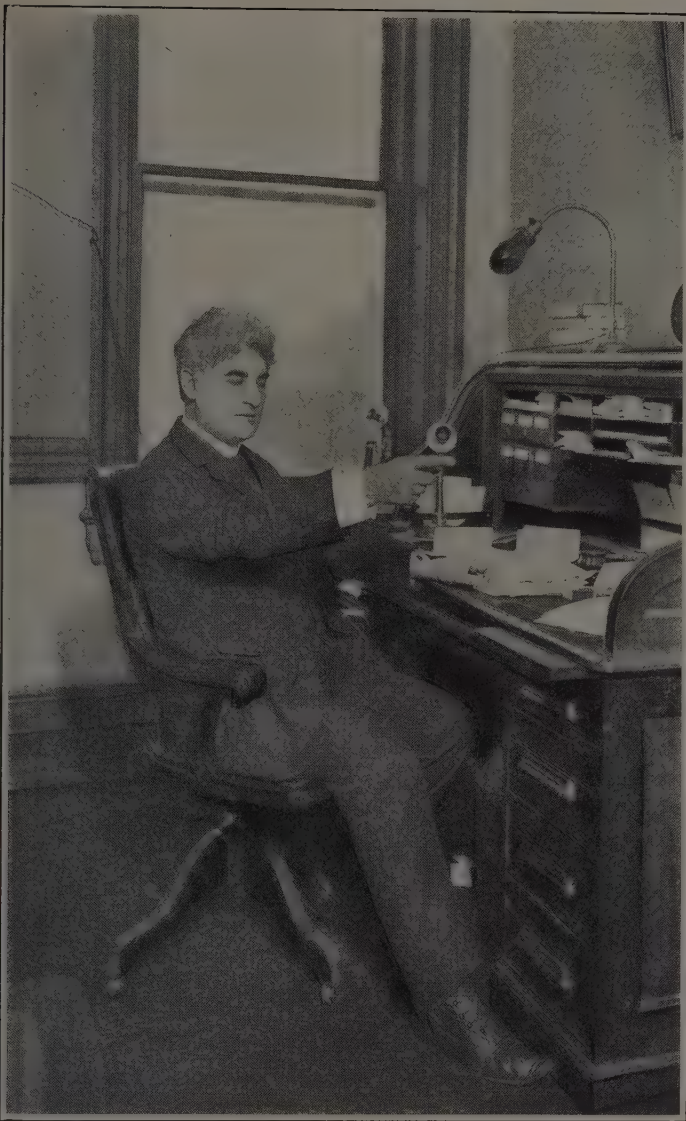


Copyright, Byron, N. Y. SALON IN AMELIA BINGHAM'S NEW YORK HOME

his own plays on its stage; and through the winter a few of the minor traveling companies play there, or else the histrionic amateurs of the village occasionally hold forth. Mr. Dixey is devoted to farm life, and just as much enjoys talking of the chickens and cows and horses on the place as he does of any part of the attractive house or the beautiful estate.

Viola Allen has a \$60,000 country home called "Tidaldean," at Greenwich, Conn. The house is on Smith's Cove, Long Island Sound. It adjoins the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, and is just opposite Commodore Benedict's Italian villa. On clear days, with the help of a field glass, one can see President Roosevelt's home across the Sound. Edwin Booth and Lester Wallack once lived within a short distance of this home, which Miss Allen purchased about three years ago from an old Connecticut family, who had owned it for more than a

(Continued on page vi.)



Myron, N. Y.

"I act every line of the play"



"The heart is greater than the brain"

David Belasco Reviews His Life Work

(CHATS WITH AMERICAN DRAMATISTS No. 6)

"IF I were to choose my own epitaph I should want it to be '*A simple artist who loved his art unselfishly.*'"

David Belasco smiled in the thoughtful, half-melancholy fashion of his acceptance of curtain calls on his famous "first nights." A small man, of retiring habit, there is in his personality the note of appeal. Wistfulness is a note more in keeping with the feminine than the masculine character, yet it is the strong minor in the harmony of this actor-dramatist-manager's nature. In association with him one is always conscious of it, united with a marvelous kindness and gentleness. The eye of the observer, noting the thick, soft, fast graying hair falling over his brow in a mass of half-womanish curls, the sensitive features, the finely cut lips and olive complexion, the figure of scarcely medium height that until recently had a boyish slenderness, but is slowly acquiring rotundity, approves the ensemble, but is held by the eyes.

"They are the eyes of a boy of twenty," said a man of keen mental vision.

"Or of a woman of genius," I answered.

The eyes of the greatest theatrical producer in this country are dark and dreamful, yet in them burn the fires of a fadeless youth. In them is the tender comprehension of the woman and the eternal energy of the man. They are the eyes of the artist, long-lashed, brooding, beauty-seeking, but the eyes of power to conceive, to dare, to do, to wait. They suggest the line from Virginius:

"They tell me to be patient. O, I shall be patient, so patient that the world shall marvel at my patience."

An analysis of the man whom critics have pronounced the wizard of the drama centres upon his eyes and voice. The voice is soft, persuasive, pleasing. Actors say that at its bidding they rehearse twelve hours longer than they had intended without rebellion. There is no more decisive test of its quality.

In apparel he is antipodal to the theatre. It is a tradition of the playhouses that he wears black as tirelessly as did Augustin Daly his strange hats. His sombre-shaded waistcoat is cut high. His collars are round and low. His hats are always black, and an intensified derby. His ties are black or purple. His abstracted manner when on the street alone and his clerical garb have caused many a priest to address him as brother. From his effort after simplicity of attire evolved this unobtrusive manner of dressing. It is consistent with David Belasco and David Belasco's views of life and art. He thus summarizes himself and his achievements and life:

"I am a simple fellow," he says. "I like simple things. Life is simple. My inclination is toward the simple play. 'The Music Master' is simple. 'The Girl from the Golden West' is simple. The play I am writing for Mrs. Carter gives her the simplest rôle she has ever had. I want to put on plays in simple fashion."

It was the end of what would have been a long day for another man, for "the wizard" had been at work upon his play for Mrs. Leslie Carter since ten that morning, until with eight o'clock had come the change of task. He had been seeing actors. It was nearly midnight.

"I needed five or six players for minor parts," he said, "and in the last two days I have seen nearly two hundred. My office is being remodeled and I have been meeting them on the stage. I know as soon as an actor walks on the stage if I want him. How I know isn't quite analyzable. But I know, and usually the matter of hearing him read is mere form."

Because the office in the Belasco Theatre was in the chaos that precedes order we sat in the foyer of the theatre. The swinging doors of the side and front entrances opened every few minutes to admit Benjamin Roeder, his astute man of business, to show him a telegram just received, or to ask a hurried question; a stout young man who was keeping out invaders and who reported frequently that the crowd was pressing him close and developing a savagery that would make it an ideal mob of the Commune; and a thin young man who called him without and held a whispered conference. On the big stage, lighted by one flaring jet of gas, were more actors, waiting for the brief but final Belasco test. But the man who would decide whether their paths next season should lie in the sunshine of Belasco favor or in the outer darkness of rejection sat quite calmly talking of the subject in hand. One key to Belasco's success, and one which impresses the outsider, is intense, poignant concentration.

"I am a queer fellow." We were talking of how he discovered and developed actors and actresses. "There are so many things I do without being able to give the reason for them that I suppose I am, as you say, psychic. When I have a part in view and go about to the theatres to seek for some one to play it, I do not say, 'He will do, because he walks thus or talks thus.' The art of acting is not mathematical. It is not an exact science. We may not say in acting, 'Two and two make four.' When I have found the person I want to play the part there is a passing of something from me to him, from him to me,"—a quick gesture of nervous hands from his breast and back again,—"and I know that I have found him, although I cannot say why. I send for him to come to see me. I talk with him as to a new friend. I draw him out. I persuade him to talk of himself, of his life, and while he does so I am studying him—studying his face to see what it discloses, and what it hides; studying his hands, his feet, his body, to gauge their possibilities of expression. There are no rules of physiognomy I follow. I can tell; that is all. As I talk with him I know whether his life has brutalized or refined him. I

know whether he is sensitive or callous. I know whether he is keenly attuned to emotion, or phlegmatic. I may listen to what he is saying or I may not. I am reading his life and character, not by the light of what he says, but by the disclosures of his features. So I gauge my actor while I am engaging him.

"When the six weeks of rehearsal that I give to all my plays come I give my attention to two things in my cast. I suppress that which is undesirable and develop that which is desirable. I do it first by talking to each person about his or her part. I tell the story as my mother used to tell me stories in my boyhood, with the desire to interest and instruct. I gain the person's confidence. I appeal first to his intelligence, then to his sympathies. I talk until there is a sudden brightening of the eyes and an intake of the breath, a kind of start like that of a person whose head has been under a faucet and comes up gasping. I know then that he has the idea, and I pass on to the others. If a person has some quality that should be subdued, I tell him so; if some quality that is charming and should be fostered, I do not tell him because, should I do so, he would overwork it. Tell a woman that she has a beautiful smile and she will always smile afterwards. I would lead her unconsciously to smile.



Otto Sarony Co.

MARSHALL WILDER TELLING HIS LATEST FUNNY STORY TO MAY IRWIN

So in dealing with actors and actresses at rehearsal, I adapt myself to their temperaments. There are some persons who require a kind of bullying. You must storm, you must scold, or you will get nothing from them. If I know at the beginning of a rehearsal that I shall have to use such tactics to waken someone I say: 'Now I am going to play that I am angry to-day. But don't mind. Only do what I say. The anger is play!' We understand each other. When in the course of a rehearsal it becomes necessary for me to say, as I have said: 'You walk across the stage like a hog going to a snail's funeral,' the actor knows that he must change that walk, yet he feels none of the rancor that would interfere with the development of his part. On the contrary, if there is some sensitive, half-hysterical girl at fault, I should have to persuade her, to gently make her see that her walk is atrocious, without wounding her feelings. She has to be talked to as a lover talks to the woman he is wooing. I act all through rehearsals, but I always say: 'Do this, but do not imitate me. Do it in your own way.' If the way is a bad one, he must be led, not driven, into improving it.

"The first word, and the last, in acting is temperament. There

must be heart, heart, heart. Soul is only a glow. The definite thing is the heart, the capacity to feel. Intelligence is desirable, but it is secondary. The merely brainy actor is never a great actor on the stage. The heart is greater than the brain."

The steps by which Mr. Belasco evolves his plays are unique.

"The first step, that which is the drudgery, the part of a play process that I dislike, is the first; that is, writing the narrative. I write it laboriously by hand. When it is finished it is like a story, unevenly and unskillfully told, but it is my working draught. With this in my hands for reference, I ring for two stenographers. One is not enough. The work soon tires out one. I act the play, every situation and line of it. All the while I watch the stenographer who is taking down the dialogue and business. That person I am eager to please, for that person represents my audience of a year or six months hence. If I say, in a scene with my wife in the play, overbearingly, 'Helen, how dared you do that?' there is no response. The stenographer is thinking that I have been too stern with the wife. 'Helen, how could you have done this?' I say, pleadingly, and my audience at the typewriter looks up in pleased recognition. I know then that that is the right line, and it stays. So, with the help of my two stenographers, the play is written. That is, it is roughly written, and ready for the beginning of rehearsals. But four or five times during rehearsals the play is practically rewritten.

"Do not say that. Say this," I cry to the actress at rehearsal. I ask her to strike out the line she has memorized and substitute the one that has just flashed into my mind. Invariably the second thought is better. But the third and the fourth and the fifth thoughts are still better. The play parts are all rewritten and typewritten. No man's or woman's part in the end is what it was at the beginning.

"I am patient in the development of a play at rehearsal. I have worked for hours with one line of one minor rôle. I believe in little things. I know their value. The transitions of tone are marvelous factors in gaining effects. In life the transitions of tone tell the entire story of emotion. The tones follow the gamut of feeling. Therefore, I work hard upon the tonal effects in my plays. The voice is more than scenery.

"There is a

great mistake about atmosphere. The drops and props do not make it. They are only the frame. Atmosphere cannot be seen. It is felt. Atmosphere is what is done and said."

Then the man on whom the actors on the stage sleepily waited, whom Mr. Roeder, and the stout young man who held the callers at bay, and the thin young man who was variously useful, interrupted continuously, faded, and memory conjured out of the shadows the boy that was parent of this man and the thousand vicissitudes that had led to his eminence.

David Belasco spoke tenderly of his mother.

"She and my father were English, but they had both sprung of the refugees who fled from Portugal to England at the time of the Moorish invasion. She was twenty and he twenty-one when they were married. Soon afterwards the stories of the gold fields in California reached them in London and stimulated their youthful imaginations. They sailed to the land of romance, and my mother was the first woman to cross the isthmus of Panama. With a shipload of men of all sorts, the majority of them of the coarsest fibre, she made the long, hard

journey. The rough men were tender to her, because of the dawn of motherhood that was evident, and she was presented with a mule and rode while the men walked. When she and my father arrived in San Francisco the great flood that nearly drowned the city was at its height, and the day after their arrival, in a house half submerged in water, I was born.

"My mother was a beautiful young woman. She had the dark, limpid eyes of an idealist. Her hair hung about her shoulders in soft black curls. She loved to hold me in her arms at twilight and tell me stories of the splendor of the family of Belasco—they were grandees she said—before the day that the Moors came. I listened with all the joy and wonder of the child who hears a

fairy story. We moved to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, while I was still an infant, and there I made my debut, unconsciously, as the child for whom Charles Kean fought in 'Pizarro'. Edwin Forrest carried me on in 'Metamora,' and I was the child in Julia Dean Hayne's production of 'East Lynne.'

"My father was Mayor of Victoria, and believing zealously, but unwisely, in the immediate growth of the town, he invested in real estate to such extent that we became



Otto Sarony Co.

ALEXANDRA PHILLIPS

Young English actress seen last season in "Julie Bonbon." Engaged by the Jeffersons for an important rôle in their coming production, "Playing the Game"



Photo courtesy of Harriet Morris

OUT-OF-DOOR PERFORMANCE OF "THE MASQUE OF VANITY"

Play written by a Smith College girl and presented with natural settings of unusual beauty in the rear garden of the Senior Class of the Girls' Collegiate School, in their picturesque Spanish building, Casa de Rosas, Los Angeles, California

land poor. We moved back to San Francisco and there we knew bitter days of extreme poverty. I sold newspapers on the streets, and was always happy when an election approached, for politics I knew meant interest in public events and interest in public events meant that papers would be sold. I sold political badges besides my papers, and while the campaign for Grant for President was on I made eighty-five dollars selling his badges. Between times I went to school, and took some prizes for composition and declamation. My recitations I tried to make realistic. When I recited 'The Madman' I appeared on the school platform in rags with a broken chain attached to my leg. Professor Marks, my teacher, took me around from one school to another, on declamation day, to recite 'The Madman.' It was he who suggested my going on the stage and who took me to the Metropolitan Theatre and asked the management to give me a chance. The stage manager cast me for an officer in a melodrama in which Annie Wells was starring. I had one line: 'Perhaps they have disappeared in the dust up the road.' I made my brief appearance in the fifth act of the play, 'The Lion of Nubia.' Twelve hundred boys of my school, hearing that another schoolmate and myself were to make our appearance, had taken the gallery. When we came on they recognized us, and the din was appalling. Out of the chaos of mad sounds grew the cry, 'The Madman,' 'The Madman.'

"What do they want?" cried the frantic stage manager profanely.



White, N. Y. LILLIAN BARRINGTON
A member of Joe Weber's Company



White, N. Y.

MARY CONWELL
Talented young actress seen last season in "The Virginian"

I came forward fearfully. 'They want me to recite "The Madman,"' I said.

"Go on and recite it and stop the uproar of those fiends," he commanded, and I did so, although the boys lamented the missing rags and chain.

"Then the interrupted action of 'The Lion of Nubia' went on, but I did not. That terminated my engagement with the company. But I had been bitten by stage fever and

dread, but drawn by my uncanny purpose, sat by the table while the examination went on. 'Here, David, come,' I heard the physician say when I turned away my head in sick disgust. 'Here is the heart. Come, look.' With limbs stiffened with horror and hands rigid at my side I moved slowly forward and looked at the ghastly sight. Afterwards they carried the body out and left the heart lying on the dissecting table. For hours I sat looking at it and studying it. I became interested in poisons. I learned that different poisons have different effects. One poison will cause

horrible convulsions. Another will strike a person down as though by a cruel, unseen hand. Others will cause the victim to double forward, as the underground worker dies of 'the bends.' Most actors don't know this. If they have been poisoned in the play they die exactly alike. Poison is just poison to them. Actors don't pay enough attention to these so-called 'little' (Cont'd on page viii.)

importuned other companies for an opportunity. I joined different repertoire companies that went from mining camp to mining camp, barnstorming the coast. We were not a success. We carried our few clothes in champagne baskets, and while we may have left San Francisco in a train we invariably walked back. Returning from these brief, inglorious tours I worked as a super and property boy at the San Francisco theatres. A chance came for me to join a company playing at Virginia City, Nev., and I was glad to go. There I had general experience as an actor and stage manager and a chance to study human nature, raw, without pretence or veneer. I persuaded a hospital physician to let me know when someone was likely to die, and when he sent for me I would go and sit for hours watching the phenomenon of the passing of life. I had read so much of the heart being the seat of the emotions that I had a morbid desire to see a heart in a human body. My friend sent for me when he conducted an autopsy, and I, shivering with



Otto Sarony Co. HATTIE FORSYTHE
A member of Lew Fields' Company

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By ADA LEWIS

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

IT all began with my not exclusive—all of my sex take notice—faculty of observing what other girls wore. It was, no doubt, inherited when I was born some years ago on Thirty-fourth street, very far West Thirty-fourth street, New York, and it must have been innate when I went to San Francisco and took up my residence with the rest of the family, in that unfashionable district known to everyone who has ever lived, or even lingered in San Francisco, as "South of Market." I didn't care for the neighborhood and so informed my mother as soon as I was able to talk.

"Why can't we move to 'North of Market'?" I asked.

"We can," she said, "but we won't be able to pay our rent if we do."

Which little story is a sufficient indication of the state of the family fortunes. The faculty of observation developed as I sat by the window on the little side street and watched the cannery girls on their way to and from work. It crystallized into what, when I grew more learned, I called a "conception" one day on Market street, when a young girl passed me on her way to the ferry. She was such a gorgeously fascinating creature that, even with the dread of her showing her scorn of me by thrusting out a contemptuous tongue, I followed her. She wore a short black skirt and a brown jacket, a green cap, and around her neck was a cheap pink scarf. She

walked with her shoulders drawn forward, and her slim shoulders swaying a defiant challenge to a world to which she was supremely indifferent. She walked on her heels and chewed gum with fearful, incessant vigor. I followed her at a respectful, admiring distance, for I was only a little girl, and she, to herself and to me, was "a young lady." It behooved me to be humble. Finally I lost her in the crowd at the ferry, but I had taken a mental photograph that I hope will never be dimmed. She was unconsciously my benefactress, that girl, and I have always loved her as Cinderella must have loved her godmother.

I was about twelve years old when the assurance with which I had "spoken pieces" at the convent school I attended became the wonder of the neighborhood, and to my being permitted by the tolerant manager of Woodward's Gardens, a South of Market resort, to go on with another little girl and sing and dance in a fashion truly remarkable. Convinced after that event that I was a shining light sent to illuminate a dark dramatic world, I went to the Al-



Otto Sarony Co.

ADA LEWIS

cazar Theatre and asked to see the manager. I told him I wanted to join his stock company.

"What can you do?" he asked, and I answered in the convincing tones of sincerity, "Oh, anything."

He engaged me as an extra girl at five dollars a week. I made my professional debut as one of the chained prisoners in "Siberia." Thereafter I was in my own eyes a professional, and when I walked the streets of San Francisco I carried my head high and my shoulders back, for no one could have shaken my belief that everyone was whispering to everyone else, "She is an actress. She is one of the Alcazar company." After that I drifted from one theatre to another for several years as an extra girl. At the Baldwin and California I was on the same stage, in my humble capacity, with Booth and Barrett and other great stars. What an education and inspiration that was for a girl as hopelessly stage struck as I!

A chance came when I was one of the extra women in Lewis Morrison's play, "A Run of Luck." The soubrette could not appear one night. Mr. Morrison was distractedly considering closing the house.

"If only someone could play the part! Is there no one?" he cried out desperately.

"Yes, sir, I can," I piped.

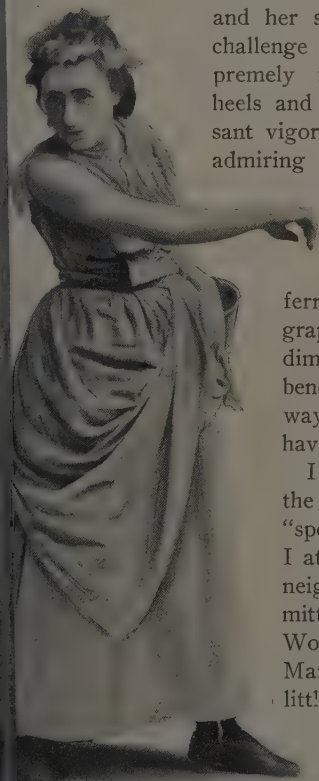
"You?"

Mr. Morrison's tone was scarcely a compliment.

"Yes, I know the lines. I have watched her play it and know the business." In desperation he allowed me the opportunity. The audience was good to me.

But that was the last night of the play, and I had to go back to my extra work. In "Rosedale" I remember I had two lines, but it was a real part, and I tormented my family into a sense of responsibility for my being letter perfect. Letter perfect I was when I left the house, but alas! what a difference after one passes the stage door and hears her cue in another than the accustomed home voice. Although two lines were my allotted portion in "Rosedale" I had only one. The other basely deserted me.

It was about that time that I first met Mr. Ben Teal. He was not formally presented. The humiliating fact that one of the extra girls, in a boisterous spirit, pushed me across the stage, and I spun too near Mr. Teal and a man with whom he was having a conference about the play, for his liking. He showed his displeasure by seizing me by the shoulders and throwing me back into line. But Mr. Teal, many years afterward, made atonement. He in-



ADA LEWIS

as 'The Last of the Hogans'



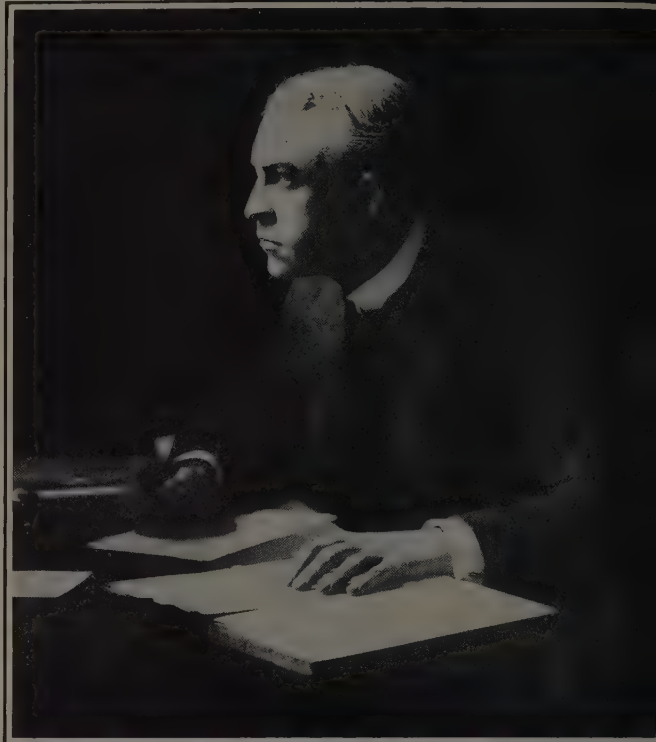
Falk

ADA LEWIS

as Harrigan's "Tough Girl"



EDMUND BREESE



ARTHUR BYRON

Two players who are making a great success simultaneously in the same rôle—that of John Ryder, the financier in "The Lion and the Mouse"

roduced to me Mr. John Parr, whom I afterwards married. The marriage, though it ended a short year afterwards in Mr. Parr's death, was so happy that I forgave Mr. Teal.

I am a little ashamed to tell one of the incidents of my career as an extra girl. I went to the Baldwin Theatre and asked for work and the manager said, "All full." I have no doubt he believed the cast was full, but I thought I knew better. The rehearsal had begun. I went to the side of the stage where the extra girls waited and did whatever they did.

When they shouted "Hurrah!" I, too, shouted "Hurrah!" When they ran I ran. When they got into a boat I got into a boat. I stayed for the rehearsal and came that night for the performance. And the wonder of it was that the manager let me stay. Probably he thought that such colossal nerve should be rewarded. I played the engagement and drew my salary.

My salary had gone from five to twelve dollars a week when Edward Harrigan came to San Francisco, and I was engaged as an insignificant atom of his support. He told the girls to dress as their fancy prompted, and I, remembering my Market street goddess, reproduced her. I wore the scant skirt, the skimp jacket, the green cap and the pink scarf of her toilet, and I simulated her even to the heel walking and the vigorous gum chewing.

Mr. Harrigan noticed the strange costume and said to his manager, Mr. Mart Hanley,

"See if you can get that girl to go East with us at twenty dollars a week."

"Twenty dollars!" Mr. Hanley said it with an apologetic inflection, but I thought it a princely sum. I promptly accepted, and won over, or battered down, my reluctant family.

My first purchase was a wonderful trunk. I have never seen another trunk like it. Its sides were of gorgeous plaid of many colors and its top shone like a jewel in the sun, being of something that resembles isinglass. It was the most original trunk in the company and attracted general attention. But like all beautiful things it was perishable. At Sacramento the stage manager came to me and said: "If you want your things you'll have to go and gather them up." The trunk was no more. After those few brief hours of travel it had given up its existence as a trunk, and was ready for its real niche, which was the waste paper basket. I had other trunks after that, but never one so wonderfully colored nor so frail.

We played all along the route to New York, and when we arrived there I went to my sister's home. She has since told me that she had never seen anyone so remarkably gotten up. I had not learned then that the stage wardrobe is not a synonym for the private one.

Mr. Harrigan was preparing to put on "Riley and the Four Hundred." He cast me for a tough girl and I went almost every day on picnics to Cone



Marceau

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Island to study types. The Bowery girl had one accomplishment that nearly baffled me. She chewed gum as no other girl on earth ever did, and it took me weeks to master it. One girl whose name happened to be Kitty Lynch, the same as mine in the new play, undertook to teach me. She proposed that we exchange gum. I was unequal to that, so took my lessons by watching her as she chewed. There was a waitress at the boarding house where I was then living who helped me a great deal in my conception of Kitty Lynch, although the waitress didn't know it. I watched her gait and listened to her inflections. She was very much interested in the new play and tried to calm my fears about my part in it. On the morning after the production, she rapped loudly on my door and I opened it, my eyes still heavy with sleep. In her hand was a programme of the night before.

"Of course it went all right," she said. "There, look at that!" I read the vaunting lines of the first night programme: "The best thing Harrigan has ever done."

I thanked her and let her think the line on the programme was conclusive. Then I went back to bed. My sister came in with one newspaper. "I'll send out and get all of them," she suggested; but I said, "No, don't. I'm afraid they won't mention me at all, or if they do they will make fun of me." But something in the paper she read made me change my mind. I allowed her to send for the others, and when I had finished reading them and my sister had boxed my ears to convince me that I really was not dreaming, I was the happiest girl in town, for New York liked my tough girl."

A few days after that I met a newspaper man named Richard Harding Davis. I did not know what an interview was, and when the keen-eyed, broad-shouldered man whom I secretly thought very handsome, chatted with me in an affable off-hand manner I had no idea of what was happening. The next day I called on a friend in Brooklyn and as I was riding back in the street car a man opposite me was reading an evening paper. My eyes wandered across the page facing me and I saw something that froze my blood. "Harrigan's Tough Girl." The big black letters danced demon-like before me. I thought, "What have I done?"

Visions of the police court, and of the grim, gray walls of the Tombs appalled me. "At least," I reflected by way of comforting myself, "I'll tell the judge that it was a mistake, whatever I did, and perhaps he will not be so cross. I will tell him that I am from San Francisco and don't know the ways of New York."

Thoroughly frightened, but trying to be brave, I crawled off the car and bought a paper, which my trembling fingers almost refused to hold. Steadying myself against one of the bridge pillars I looked out at the green sward and brown benches of City Hall Park and summoned needed strength. Then I read Richard Harding Davis' opinion of Harrigan's Tough Girl. It was one that sent me home with cheeks suffused and eyes misty with tears of joy.

I sent the kind things in the prints home to mother. She went about among her friends with the newspaper scraps in a small black bag. She died with the little black bag and its precious newspaper scraps near her hand.



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Singing and Piano Playing

There is no department of musical activity in which it is so easy to deceive the public as singing. But piano playing is a very close second. That people should know little about singing is not at all remarkable. Many singers know very little about it, and 90 per cent. of the teachers of singing know nothing at all. Therefore it is not astonishing that laymen, listening to a voice of good quality, should fail to be troubled every time the quality is marred by bad tone production, or by the crudeness of phrasing or indistinctness of enunciation. Not more than one person in a thousand knows that there is any phrasing. Not more than one in a thousand knows when a melody is broken as to its back by the taking of breath in the wrong place, or when the sense of the text is completely destroyed by the same error.

But at first glance it seems as if the great and generous public ought to know something about piano playing. Pianos are now to be found in the dwellings of people of all sorts and conditions. Every one's children "take music lessons," as they are called. Yet the whole purpose and meaning of the pianist's art is lost on the great mass of concert goers, and the loudest applause is bestowed upon a performance which has nothing to commend it except superficial cleverness. This is one reason why juvenile prodigies command so much favor. People expect a pianist to perform feats of technical skill, and they believe that he has had to practise years to learn how. When a child performs the same feats the public is amazed.

Now there are two good rules to bear in mind. First, any music which is difficult simply for the sake of being difficult is absolutely worthless. Secondly, any pianist who plays only that kind of music or plays difficulties simply to show that he can is absolutely worthless.

What are known as "hard pieces" are not made "hard" simply to test the player's technic. Almost every composition in the repertory of artistic piano playing is "hard." That is, it cannot be played at all except by a well-trained pianist. The "hardness" is there wholly because the composers of great piano music were composing for trained pianists. They were writing for the piano, and they naturally assumed that the entire technical resources of the instrument were at their disposal.

The question with them was how best they should develop their ideas, not what degree of technical difficulty they should introduce. The technic with the master composers was a means, not an end. Whatever was possible was practicable. When new technical possibilities were discovered by Chopin, Schumann and Liszt other composers gladly adopted them, and the literature of the piano was enriched with new idioms.

Pianists had to learn the new technical additions to the mechanics of their art. As they were founded upon elementary law and logically developed upon what already existed, pianists were not appalled by them. To-day pupils are turned out of the various conservatories all over the world by thousands, all equipped with the skill necessary to the striking of the notes in any composition. When they have got thus far, all they have to do in order to fool Europe is to practise until they can play fast and loudly, and they are acclaimed as stars in the musical firmament.

When they fail it is because they do not play with sufficient brilliancy, or because they honestly try to interpret the music of the great composers without possessing either the brains or the feeling to comprehend it.

Brains are highly necessary in a pianist. This important fact is too often forgotten. Many of those who think Mr. Paderewski a dreamer and a weak-minded romanticist, would be astonished if they gained an intimate acquaintance with him and could enjoy his keen and subtle analysis of current world politics, literature and art. His is an active and far-reaching mind. It is a mind eminently capable of composing refined and poetic interpretations of masterpieces. Men like Paderewski are unfortunately few in the world of music, but we have other pianists of high intelligence and breadth of view.

It is not the technical skill that makes these men great. We are told often and effusively that it is the personality. Good; but what do people usually mean by "personality"? They are laboring under some curious delusion that when a pianist sits down to play his performance has one effect upon his hearers and his personality another, and that the personality makes us like the performance, even when the latter is not good. Either they mean that or they mean nothing.

For if the personality when put forward as a cause for the popularity of the artist is something apart from the performance, then it must operate in a way different from the performance. The



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truth is that the personality makes the performance.

Personality in musical interpretation is style, and style is the man.

Ternina's Tosca is Ternina and Eames's Tosca is Eames, and "never the twain shall meet till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat." You cannot put the soul of a Ternina into the Tosca of an Eames. The Tosca of Ternina lives in and by and through the personality of Ternina, and the Tosca of Eames sleeps in and by and through the personality of Eames.

The personality of a pianist is to be discovered by his interpretations. If he has temperament and intellect he will raise the veil from the mysteries of Beethoven, Brahms, Shuman and Chopin and permit us to enter into the abiding place of master spirits. But if the personality of the player is so shallow that he can find nothing nobler in his art than a display of dexterity, then those of us who know what music really is will be disappointed in him and his success must come from the approval of those who look for nothing better than finger acrobatics.—W. J. HENDERSON in the *New York Sun*.

Letter to the Editor

NEW YORK CITY, July 30, 1906.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I read with a great deal of interest the interview with Mr. Crane in the August issue of your publication in which he so kindly says: "In my present vehicle," meaning "The American Lord," "the authors (Mr. Dazey and myself) have miserably missed a great opportunity. . . . They get John Bruester on his estate in England, and what does he do? Not a thing but talk and make love to a woman. A half dozen lines that give a faint glimmering notion of what he wants to do I interpolated myself."

As the play was presented, what Mr. Crane says is practically true. Bruester does not do the things he set out to do, and the reason why he does not do them is never made clear. But Mr. Crane neglects to state that in the manuscript accepted by him this was carefully prepared for and was logically carried to its conclusion. In the second act he was called upon by two of his tenants. He showed how he was going to take down their old cottages, put in the American system of drainage, etc. This was intended merely as preparation for a scene in the last act, where the tenants came back, turned the tables on Bruester and showed him that while the American ways and customs are best for this country, they would not be at all suitable for England under present conditions.

During rehearsals business called me to Chicago. On my return I found that Mr. Crane had, during my absence, eliminated the scene in the last act, which was absolutely necessary for the purpose and proportion of the play, but had retained part of the scene in Act 2. In other words, he had torn down the house but had kept a part of the vestibule. To this I objected strenuously, but as the day of production was near I was persuaded to let the play go in its then shape until after its initial performance. After that performance Mr. Dazey and I protested vigorously against the mutilation, and Mr. Crane promised to restore the scenes as written, but this he, very carefully, forgot to do. Why Mr. Crane eliminated an absolutely necessary scene in which the tables were turned on him is best known to himself, as is also the reason why he, at the close of the most prosperous season he has had in years, comes out in an interview in which he abuses his authors for the very defect for which he, and he alone, is responsible.

I agree with Mr. Crane that good plays are necessary. So are good actors. It is the combination of the two that makes for success. In "Business Is Business" Mr. Crane had a good play and more than a good play. I wonder what he would have thought of the taste of the author if, after the season closed, and in an interview given specifically for publication, he had accused the actors of "having miserably missed a great opportunity." GEORGE H. BROADHURST.

Forcible Seclusion for Dramatists

The principal reason why lesser known dramatists are unable to secure a ready market for the production of their works is because the better known are writing by the quantity. Human genius is not inexhaustible, new ideas arise less frequently, repetition must unavoidably be resorted to, and well-earned fame is wantonly frittered away by productions unworthy of the authors' names. Fields must now and then lie fallow, and the greatest service that could be done to such prolific writers of acknowledged talent would be a forcible seclusion from the world for a short period.—*Fremdenblatt*.

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Homes of the Players

(Continued from page 246.)

century. The place has a water front of 1,000 feet, and Miss Allen, who declares that rowing is the best exercise for her, spends most of her summer time boating on Smith's Cove. For a number of years, when in New York, Miss Allen has lived with her parents, at her home on West 93d street near Central Park. But since her marriage last summer she has purchased another house on West 46th street, just off Fifth avenue, and this will hereafter be her winter home.

"The Latchstring" is the attractive name of Mr. Otis Skinner's country place, situated three miles from Bryn Mawr, Pa. The house is a Colonial one, built of stone, and is no less than one hundred and twenty-five years old. It is located in one of the most attractive suburban districts of Pennsylvania, and the whole country about the house brims over with historic associations of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Skinner has owned the place only a short time, but the original plan of the house has always remained, for the most part, as it was in Colonial days.

Several interesting homes, owned by stage folk are situated at various places on the New Jersey coast. One of the most pretentious in this vicinity is the home of Louis James at Monmouth Beach. It is situated on what is known as Millionaires' Row, and is named "Liberty Hall." It was built by Mr. James seven years ago and is a beautiful place, surrounded by spacious grounds that everywhere display the art of the landscape gardener.

Grace George has a cottage on the New Jersey coast at Allenhurst. She also owns a house in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ross (Mabel Fenton) have a celebrated farm of 15 acres on Deal Lake, near Asbury Park. Marie Cahill has a cottage at Avon-by-the-Sea; Charles Richman has one at Allenhurst; and Robert Mantell a fine one at Atlantic Highlands. Edwin Arden also has a summer home at Atlantic Highlands and a New York house on West 22d street.

Scattered over Long Island are the homes of a number of other well-known actors and actresses. Blanche Walsh has had, for many years, a country home at Great Neck, where she spends her summers sailing, driving, walking, playing tennis and swimming—the latter being an exercise of which she has remarkable knowledge. Her town house is on West 45th street.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's home is at Shelter Island, L. I. Misses Chrystal and Julie Herne summer at their father's old home at Sag Harbor. Robert Edson also owns a place at Sag Harbor. Col. and Mrs. Joseph Grismer (Phoebe Davis) and Cyril Scott have homes at Bayside; Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Williams (Katherine Florence) one at Port Washington.

Richard Mansfield owns a magnificent house on Riverside Drive and a beautiful country place at New London, Conn. Julia Marlowe's town house is also on Riverside Drive, and her summer home is in the Catskills.

Maude Adams has a town house on East 41st street, and two summer homes—one in the Catskills and one at Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I.

Wm. Gillette has an estate in the mountains of Virginia, and Annie Russell one in the wilds of Maine. Kyrle Bellew and Wm. Faversham have country places in England. Wm. Jefferson spends his summers at the old family home at Buzzards Bay, Mass.

For years May Irwin has owned one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, and this summer is deeply interested in the new home she is erecting there. Her New York home is on 68th street. Joe Weber spends his summers on his houseboat the "Lillian," at Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands, and he owns a town house on Madison avenue, New York.

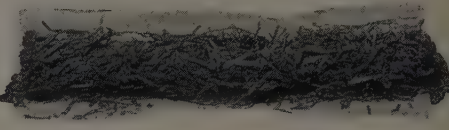
Some of our best known stars do not own country places, but maintain only town houses. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothorn (Virginia Harned) are among this number. For several years they have lived in a beautiful home on West 67th street. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hackett (Mary Mannerling) have a house on East 33d street. Clara Bloodgood has recently bought one on East 39th street. Lillian Russell owns a home on West 57th street, and May Robson one on West 136th street. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mann (Clara Lipman) have a house on 101st street near Riverside Drive, and Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin (Maxine Elliott), Henrietta Crosman, and Margaret Anglin, have beautiful houses on West End avenue.

With such an extensive list of homes as this, what layman can longer entertain the idea that the stage people of America are naught but wandering nomads?

GRACE WHITWORTH.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Mr. J. Cleany Matthews begs to state that he followed Mr. Sidney Blow in the part of Lord Drayton in "The Walls of Jericho," and is now (at date of going to press) with that company.

Constant Reader, Boston, Mass.—Q.—Have you published a sketch of Robert Edeson's life? A.—An interview with Mr. Edeson appeared in the December, 1902, number, and a sketch of his life in the July, 1906, issue. Q.—In what number will I find pictures of him? A.—In the March and December numbers, 1902; September, 1903; January and September, 1905; July, 1906.

M. C. D., Providence, R. I.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of William Courtleigh? A.—In The Players' Gallery and in August, 1901, number of this magazine. Q.—Please tell me the name of a school where they train pupils for comic opera? A.—Consult our advertising columns. Q.—What does one have to do to become an understudy for a prima donna? A.—Such positions are, of course, not secured without some stage experience. In addition voice is a requisite. It is impossible to give directions for obtaining such a position.

D. J. C., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—What will Kyrle Bellew play in next season? A.—He will be seen in a dramatization of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard." Q.—What are the prices of cabinet photos of different prominent actresses? A.—Fifty cents each.

D. E., Ossining, N. Y.—Q.—Where and when was Maude Adams born? A.—Salt Lake City, Utah, about 1872. Q.—Will you publish any more pictures of her soon? A.—Very likely.

F. M., Ossining.—Q.—Tell me all you can about Miss Maude Adams? A.—An exhaustive article on Miss Adams was published in this magazine for September, 1903.

L. M. R.—Q.—Where can I secure a photo of Dustin Farnum? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, this city. Q.—What is he now playing? A.—"The Virginian."

M. W., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—When will you interview Roselle Knott, and what is the name of her new play? A.—Very soon. We do not know. Q.—Where could I secure postal cards of stage celebrities not colored? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, this city.

J. Van B., and E. V. G.—For the information you wish you had best write directly to Mr. A. H. Van Buren.

H. A., Los Angeles.—A perfect profile is certainly not a requisite for a good appearance. Look at the photographs of many prominent actresses.

A Reader, Reading, Pa.—Q.—Will you publish an interview with or portrait of Kyrle Bellew? A.—An interview with him was published in the June, 1902, number of this magazine. Pictures have appeared in the July and December, 1901, the June, 1902, and April, 1905, numbers.

C. L. D., New York.—Q.—Are you going to interview Blanche Bates in "My Beginnings"? A.—An article by Miss Bates under that head appeared in the June, 1905, number. See answer to F. M., Ossining.

E. L. S., Lancaster, Pa.—We do not answer questions other than through these columns. Back numbers of the magazine can be obtained at the office. Last year's cost 35 cents, this year's 25 cents each.

T. J. M., St. Louis.—Q.—Have, or will you have scenes from "When Knighthood Was in Flower"? A.—One was published in May, 1901. Q.—Have you, or will you publish pictures of Virginia Drew Trescott? A.—We have not; we may.

K. B.—We have repeatedly told would-be actors and actresses how to try to obtain engagements. Consult almost any back number of this magazine, in the Queries Answered column for the information you wish.

C. Z., Middletown, N. Y.—I have the plot of a play mapped out, but as I have never had any experience at playwriting, I have not courage to write the play. Would it be right to ask some star actor's co-operation, and would he be likely to consent or not? Also, how much money does a playwright receive for a first-class drama? A.—It would be more to the purpose to consult either a playwright or some one with literary ability in other lines to co-operate with you. As to the amount of compensation, that depends entirely upon the work and the manager accepting it.

J. E., Quincy, Mass.—Q.—Where and when was the dramatized version of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" produced in this country and in Europe? A.—It has not yet been produced, but is announced for the coming season. Q.—The same author's "Seats of the Mighty"? A.—We know of no dramatization of this latter work.

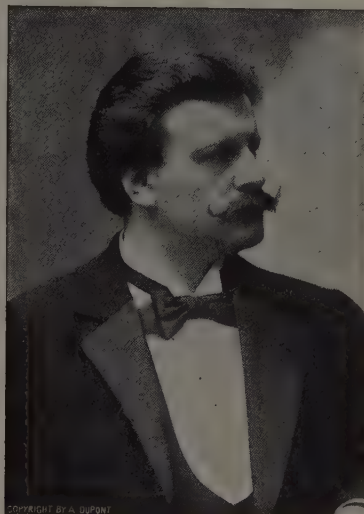
W. R. B.—Will you kindly give me the name of the actress on page 47 of the February, 1906, number, impersonating Mrs. Ford? A.—We regret that we cannot do so. The illustration was taken from an old print, and save that it was of an old English actress, we can give no information. The Falstaff was the elder Hackett, as you state.

D. S., New York.—Q.—Kindly inform me whether Vesta Victoria is now on her first American tour? A.—No, it is not her first.

M. D. C.—Margaret Illington (Mrs. Daniel Frohman) was born in Bloomington, Ill., and is not yet twenty-five years old. She studied for two years at Conway's Dramatic School, Chicago, where she won the Jefferson diamond medal for Shakespearian work. Her first engagement was with Jas. K. Hackett, where she advanced from a small rôle to that of leading woman. She then became a member of the Daniel Frohman Stock Company at Daly's Theatre, this city. The following summer she was for fifteen weeks leading woman of the Richmond Stock Company, and the following season was leading woman for E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King." The following year she played the leading rôle in "A Japanese Nightingale," then Mrs. Leffingwell in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." She was seen in London this season as Shirley Rossmore in "The Lion and the Mouse," and this September she will be seen at the Empire Theatre of this city with John Drew in "His House in Order."

S. A. Senk, Kansas City.—Q.—Where can I get a copy of Hennequin's Art of Playwriting? A.—Try Bren-tano's, this city. Q.—Does David Belasco, or any other dramatist, read or buy plays? A.—They do sometimes.

D. R., Cincinnati.—Q.—Is Ethel Barrymore a real name or assumed? A.—Real; she is the daughter of the late Maurice Barrymore. She will continue to play "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."



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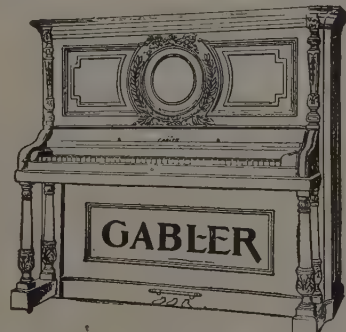
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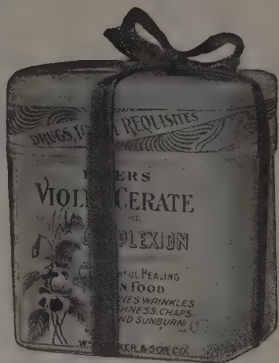
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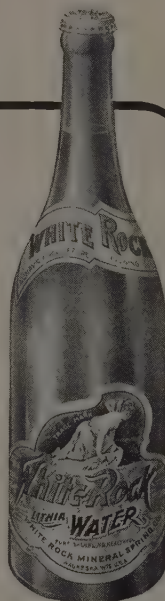
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Belasco Reviews His Life Work

(Continued from page 250.)

things.' I studied the women of the class found in mining camps. I went to the funeral of one of them and for hours watched the terrible depression and awful moods of despair that visit such women when one of their number dies. For hours I watched, fascinated, this tumult of their souls, and three days later, when poor Nanette, the suicide, had been buried, I saw their mercurial natures at high tide in merrymaking. It was a rare chance for a young, impressionable boy to study life. Always, although not vicious, I made a close study of women. Their mental processes deeply interested me.

"Back to San Francisco again, and I secured work at the Baldwin. I did everyone's work. It was hard but educational. I learned the duties of the spear carrier and the man in front of the house. I assisted the treasurer and I rewrote and fattened the lean lines of persons who didn't like their parts. In time I became stage manager.

"It was while I was stage manager, at the Baldwin, and was conducting a rehearsal, watching the prompter and directing the rise and fall of the curtain, and scribbling notes surreptitiously for a play called 'Chums,' that James A. Herne came over and said, 'What are you doing?' I told him.

"A good idea," he said. 'Fix it up and let's take it East.'

"My heart leaped, for I had been thinking dimly and deliciously of New York. I toiled on at the play every night after my work was done at the theatre and until my duties for the next day began, and when James A. Herne started East I went with him. In Chicago our venture was disastrous, and I determined to come to New York. But New York was contemptuous of the unknown. Four nights I slept on the benches in Union Square Park and lived on doughnuts and water. I determined to go back to San Francisco, but I had no money. I got on the trains and told the conductors my story. Two of them paid no attention to it. I had to get off. The others listened. I was on seventeen trains between here and San Francisco. At Chicago I bought a big bag of doughnuts. They were the cheapest and most filling food I knew. On this I lived until I got to Oakland. There I hunted up my family and friends. I didn't want them to know of my ill fortune, so I told a story of having lost my traveling bag, and with it twenty-five hundred of the three thousand dollars with which I had left home, and which had disappeared in the Chicago experiment.

"Back to the Baldwin I went as super where I had been stage manager. More work, incessant work, and, fortunately, I worked up. At one time I was stage manager of five theatres in San Francisco. All this time I was scribbling at plays. Discouraged at the result of the play 'Chums' and knowing that 'a prophet,' etc., I had my play 'La Belle Russe' produced at the Baldwin as 'from the French.' At the same time I had had bills printed announcing that it was an original play by David Belasco, to be used later in the event that the play was a success. The critics and audience approved. One very wise critic pointed out for my instruction the excellent workmanship of the play, and bade me learn from it. That afternoon the town was plastered with the bills announcing the authorship. La Belle Russe was a success, but runs were short in San Francisco. I wanted 'La Belle Russe' produced by Lester Wallack in New York. I brought it on, and A. M. Palmer offered to give it a production at the Union Square Theatre in New York. But I had written it for Lester Wallack and wanted it produced at Wallack's Theatre. That was done and successfully for the management, but I received fifteen hundred dollars for the play before the production. It was pointed out to me that the play might fail and I would get nothing, while fifteen hundred dollars was more money than I had ever seen in my life.

"I then arranged to stay with the Madison Square Theatre as a stage director. The Mallorys, who own The Churchman, ran it then, and I bound myself out to them, practically mortgaged my services for five years at thirty-five dollars a week. I worked as stage director all day from ten in the morning until twelve at night, then went to my rooms on Twenty-fourth street. Leander Richardson was my neighbor, and he said he used to feel me at work on the other side of the wall until morning. I wrote from twelve until eight. In that way I wrote 'May Blossom.' It was put on at the Madison Square and I received five dollars a performance for it. The Mallorys were under no obligation to give me anything, for I was mortgaged to them for five years at my thirty-five dollars a week. When my contract had expired I went to the Lyceum in the same capacity and remained for five years. I

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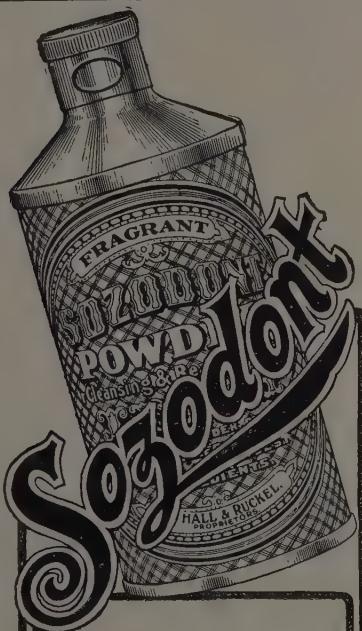
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joined Charles Frohman next, and worked with him for about twelve years. I helped him through all his struggles and have to-day, despite business differences, a deep affection for him. I had written, meanwhile, with H. C. De Mille, 'The Wife' and 'The Charity Ball.' I commenced independent work as a writer and producer. I had taken pupils during some of these years and Mrs. Leslie Carter heard of it. She sought me and begged me to teach her. The moment I saw her I knew she was a great artist. The rest is known.

"Financial problems far greater than the artistic ones faced me for solution. When 'Du Barry' was produced, had it not succeeded I would have been so deeply in debt that I could never have gotten out. When I took this theatre it was the same. I had given a house to Mrs. Belasco. I said to her, 'I need the theatre. I can't succeed without it.' She agreed with me that we were justified in risking our home for the venture and I raised twenty thousand on it. The situation is different now. I have provided for my wife and little girls, come what may to me.

"I am ambitious. I have a deeper affection for my work than for anything else in the world. I don't take two hours of pleasure outside of it in a year. It is enough. I have worked eighty-five hours before a production without rest. No work is too hard for me that has to do with a production. But I want to do more. I want to stop writing plays. I want to produce the old comedies in a way that I have never seen them done, but the way I should like to see them. I want to produce them simply, without garish accessories. I want to put the money into a perfect cast. I want every part to be perfect. I want good actors even to play servants. I want to pay a great deal of attention to stage reading."

The single gas jet flared and sputtered on the stage. The tired actors nodded with heads upon their breasts. The men who had interrupted, after many interruptions, were inert. David Belasco alone was tireless. He looked compassionately at the actors. "One of the men has to take a six o'clock train," he said and arose.

He glanced about the Belasco Theatre, and smiled. A gentle melancholy always seems to prompt the Belasco smile.

"I am glad that what I have done I have done without help from anyone," he said. "No man, woman or child has ever given me a dollar. Always my success and endorsement have come from the public.

"One lesson I have drawn from the little I have done is to be kind. When unknown young men or women come to me, no matter how busy I am, I cannot turn them away without an encouraging or kindly word. In the first days in New York I used to spend days framing a letter asking to see or to submit my work to some man who controlled the destinies of workers in my craft. I waited, and prayed, for answers to those letters. They never came. I went to the theatres and waited about, hoping for a word. When I did see them their answers were curt, their manner cold and forbidding. A kind word at that time would have been like a glass of cold water to a man dying of fever. I did not get it, but, remembering that, I have never withheld it."

ADA PATTERSON.

The Rise of the Curtain

(Continued from page 229)

W. A. Brady has taken a short lease of the Manhattan Theatre, and while his plans for the whole season are not quite settled, it is probable that Grace George will be seen at that house in October in a new play and also in Rupert Hughes' comedy "The Richest Girl." Following this engagement will come Robert Mantell in Shakespearean rôles, and after this Wilton Lackaye in "Jean Valjean," a dramatization of Hugo's "Les Misérables."

Walter N. Lawrence has several good irons in the fire. His first production will be a dramatization by Edward Peple of Cyrus Townsend Brady's story "Richard the Brazen," in which Henry Dixey will play the title rôle.

Edward A. Braden, formerly of Col. Savage's staff, makes his début this year as a producing manager. He will present a dramatization of Marie Corelli's novel "Barabbas," the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem. Tyrone Power, Irma Lapierre and one hundred and twenty other people will be employed in the production. Another attraction of Mr. Braden's is "On Parole," a civil war play by Louis Evan Shipman, in which Charlotte Walker will play the leading feminine rôle.

Maxine Elliott will continue to tour in Clyde Fitch's comedy "Her Great Match."

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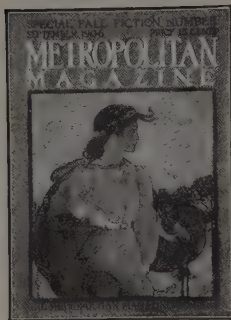
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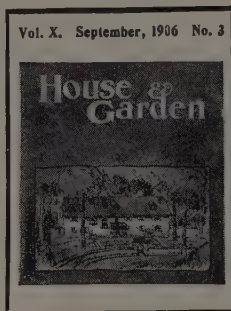
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New Dramatic Books

JOSEPH JEFFERSON: REMINISCENCES OF A FELLOW PLAYER. By Francis Wilson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

Joseph Jefferson has been fortunate in those records that will serve to perpetuate, in a necessarily comparatively small measure, the fame that he earned and deserved and which he enjoyed, in his later years, with the frankness of a child. William Winter's life of him, his own autobiography and this volume of reminiscences by Francis Wilson form a series of books of greater value and of more interest than those about any other American actor. Mr. Jefferson fully appreciated the fleeting nature of the actor's fame and realized that he could leave behind him, eventually, nothing more than is contained in these pages.

Mr. Wilson performed a labor of love. His purpose was definite. He sought every opportunity to observe the man and record his sayings. Mr. Jefferson amiably consented to this affectionate espionage, and the result is a record gathered from note-books and other sources that is exceedingly entertaining. Possibly an evanescent charm is the personality of Jefferson as it exists in the memory of the generations that knew him; and every one knew Jefferson who ever saw him act. This cannot be said of all actors. With un-failing geniality and a pleasant turn of wit his qualities of companionship endeared him to his friends. He was self-appreciative without vanity, one of his sayings being, "Every man that is clever knows it. Vanity does not consist in knowing you have knowledge, but in parading it."

His intuition or knowledge of the right and wrong in acting was characteristic. Asked concerning the performance of a distinguished actor in the farce of "A Regular Fix," he said: "Yes, I saw him in it. He missed it altogether. He was having fun with the old man in the piece, whereas the chief character is really in a regular fix, and his serious, honest efforts to disentangle himself cause all the fun." This very intuition or knowledge gave him unreserved enthusiasm for the perfect work of others. As he watched from the wings Mrs. Drew's performance of Mrs. Malaprop, he exclaims, with an admiring shake of the head, in answer to some remark: "Oh, fine! The reading of the letter and her ultimate discovery that Young Absolute wrote it, is the perfection of acting." As far as a reproduction of acting by description can go, the only method of making an actor live is in the printed page.

Mr. Wilson's account of Jefferson's Bob Acres is highly effective. It is too long to repeat here, but its quality may be indicated by a passage: "Besides many others, Jefferson was master of two important requirements of the stage, that of entering and exiting, and his first appearance with Sir Lucius in the last act of 'The Rivals' was indescribably droll. There was positively no mistaking the fact that Acres was scared through and through. His insistence that there was no merit in killing a man at a distance of less than forty yards was especially effective to-night, provoking the audience to hearty laughter. The business-like bearing of Sir Lucius served only to emphasize the cowardice of the tremulous Acres. It seemed to me to be beyond the power of a dramatist to conceive—or, if to conceive, to describe—the wealth of illustrative action which Jefferson lavished effortlessly on the episode of the duel in 'The Rivals.' It would have necessitated a book at least double the size of the play itself, merely to set forth the attitudes, the play of countenance, the felicitous emphasis, and inventive skill which Jefferson brought to bear on the whole play, but especially on this particular scene. Few who have seen will ever forget the hopelessly absurd expression and appearance of his Acres at the moment when Sir Lucius, who has paced off the dueling distance, turns to find Bob at his heels, instead of, as was expected, at the other end of the firing line, or when Bob leans weakly against Sir Lucius, and in reply to that gallant's question declares he doesn't know *what* is the matter with him, all of which was Jefferson and no part of Sheridan. Jefferson brushed the mildew of tradition from Acres, and brought to the part a sympathy and delicacy it never possessed, nor yet was thought to possess. He lent it all the charm of his personality, and he will be regarded as the true exponent here in America, I believe, far beyond the time which bounds the memory of those who saw the impersonation."

In view of all the circumstances, there is no doubt now that Jefferson acted wisely in confining his performances, for many years and during the latter part of his life, almost entirely to "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Rivals." It was the best for the art; best for the public; best for

him. He thus lived worthily and undisturbed by failures that would have been almost inevitable from time to time. What could he have done for American art without the American plays? He surely achieved something for us in the embodiment of Washington Irving's legend. The slow growth of a thing of real art was never better illustrated than in this play.

This is a significant passage concerning Jefferson's own development:

"We have been so long accustomed to the perfection of Jefferson's art that we are apt to forget the struggle he had to acquire it. It was of slow growth and of thoughtful, practical evolution. Let the student be encouraged to learn that Jefferson was long considered so imperfect an artist that Wallack and Brougham refused to permit him to appear at their theatre, then the only so-called legitimate one on Broadway."

Jefferson occupied much of his time of recreation in painting. His views, as a connoisseur of art, on the various schools have a certain interest. The book has a number of diverting anecdotes of the stage, while Grover Cleveland and other celebrities figure entertainingly in it.

Books Received

"The Lion and the Mouse," a novel founded upon Charles Klein's play by Arthur Hornblow. 12mo, 399 pages. Illustrated. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Play Contest in Chicago

The New Theatre Association of Chicago, being organized for the encouragement of the drama, will, during its first season, introduce a play contest. With this end in view a committee has been appointed to pass upon and select a new play for production. The names of this committee will be published later.

From the plays submitted, one will be chosen for a careful production in the New Theatre by the New Theatre company. Should it prove sufficiently interesting in the judgment of the management, it will be played for a full two weeks, and, if possible, again at the close of the regular season. The author will receive a royalty of 5 per cent. of the gross receipts should they be less than \$3,500.00 per week, and 10 per cent. should they exceed that amount.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

1. The play must be an original drama, comedy-drama, or comedy, and not a translation, adaptation, or dramatization of any novel or story already published.
2. It must treat of modern American life and be written by a citizen of the United States.
3. It must be substantially in a form for acting, and will be judged as an acting play.
4. It must be in three or four acts, without change of scene in any act, must not require over two and a half hours to play and must not have over fifteen speaking characters. It must be submitted not later than December 1, 1906, in a plain sealed envelope, addressed in typewriting to the New Theatre (Play Contest), 17 Van Buren street, Chicago. The play must be typewritten upon plain paper and must have no signature. In the envelope containing the play must be another plain sealed envelope, upon the outside of which shall be written in typewriting the name of the play which it accompanies. Inside this envelope must be the autograph signature of the writer of the play, name of play, the full address and a statement that all the conditions of the contest have been complied with.
5. Excepting as stated before, all rights may be reserved by the author.

Advice to Authors

The only way to learn playwriting is to write plays, and the only chance of getting them accepted is to read them to managers. It's not a bit of use posting a MS. to a theatre, because no man approaches a play with the feeling that he is going to read a masterpiece. What I mean is that a manager reads so many plays, mostly bad or indifferent, that it is not surprising if he fails to recognize a good one when he comes across it. Then, again, in reading his own play, an author can convey to some extent the atmosphere he has tried to create; he can bridge over the gap that yawns between the cold text and the play in action. My advice to authors is, read your plays to managers, and if you don't read well, practice till you do.—HADSON CHAMBERS interviewed in the *British Australasian*.

Miss Ellen Terry

Of all the English actresses of living memory, Miss Ellen Terry has been by far the most popular, and the most deservedly so. Indeed, her acting always does one's heart good; her style is the right one—genuine, unaffected, yet polished and delicate—precisely that which we should recommend younger actresses for imitation. She has always evinced an ardent love of her art, and, on all occasions, private feelings have given way to public interests in its exercise.—*Corriere del Mattino*.



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Stories of J. L. Toole

John Lawrence Toole, whose death in England has just been announced, was a comedian of the style of the late John S. Clarke. His popularity in London for more than half a century gave him a position in the regard of the English audiences such as no other comedian could boast. Toole's book of "Reminiscences" was published in 1888, and the entertaining work went through many editions, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Toole was a good story teller, and the book was put into good shape by the practical hand of Joseph Hatton. Here are a few of his anecdotes. The first one refers to an incident of his American tour. A certain genial citizen insisted upon taking him home, and when he got him there became another man. The dialogue is between Toole and Hatton.

"Don't mention the place; he might not like it," begins Toole, "and I should be sorry to hurt his feelings. Besides, he was the editor of the leading newspaper in the district, and had a rival journalist, of course, and if that rival journalist got hold of the story, wouldn't his rival worry him! I remember that American editor. 'You must stay with me, my dear Mr. Toole; you must; we will take no denial,' he said. He seemed a jolly, nice sort of fellow, and was so tremendously pressing that I gave way and went home with him; it was some distance in the suburbs.

"At home he was a different man entirely. The wife was the 'boss.' She was a learned woman also; had quite a knowledge of literature and poetry. She fired questions at me with regard to Thackeray and Dickens and other celebrities. There were several children.

"After a time they gave me a cup of tea—this was in the afternoon—instead of lunch or dinner. 'I went to the theatre, acted and went home with him that night.

"After a little more questioning from his wife, without any signs of refreshment, she asked me if, before going to bed, I would have a cup of tea or a glass of water. Whereupon he in a very humble way said, 'We never take alcohol in this house.'

"On saying good night the wife informed me that they breakfasted at half past 7, at which time it was clear I was expected to be up. So just as I was thoroughly exhausted and could have slept a little I was aroused and had to turn out.

"I had breakfast and then hoped to go to a hotel and get a little rest. But the wife said, 'Now, So-and-So, take Mr. Toole out and show him all the public buildings of —.' And he did take me out. Once or twice I tried to slip away from him in private rooms and corners and get a wink of sleep; but he was the most persistent host I ever had. At last in the midst of our tour of the public buildings I gave him the slip and fairly ran away."

Another time Toole and Brough were at a photographer's, being pictured in the costume of two old tramp-like creatures in the play "Dearer Than Life."

"The work of developing the negative," said Toole in his "Reminiscences," "was a longer business than it is now; so while the artist was at work Brough and I in our rags—it was a warm day in June—walked out into Grosvenor Square and called at the house of a certain would-be swell who prided himself on his money and was a great snob, so everybody said. The door was opened by a gorgeous footman.

"Master in?" we asked.

"No; he is not," said the funkey, with a disdainful stare at our rags, and thoughts, no doubt, of the policeman "round the corner."

"Not in! Tell him his two brothers from the workhouse called to see him."

"That funkey, I expect, would look down on his master ever afterward."

Here is a practical joke in which Sothern and Toole both figured in their characteristic manner.

"A friend of mine and myself," said Toole, "had engaged to meet Sothern on a little matter of business at a chophouse in the city, one of those old old places that always interest me and which I wanted to show Sothern. Sothern was late. We were only going to have a chop or steak and a glass of wine, so we did not order anything, but thought we would wait until Sothern came.

Both my friend and myself were attracted by a cantankerous looking old gentleman in dress coat, with a high collar and a pair of tortoise shell eye-glasses, who was not eating a chop, but devouring it, going at it as if it had done him an injury. It was not the thing at all, I know, but on the impulse of the moment, prompted by his odd appearance, I stepped up to him at a critical moment of his luncheon, slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said:

"Hello, George, my dear fellow, how are you?"
"The old gentleman leaped from his seat very

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indignantly, dropped his knife and fork and asked me what I meant; how I dared to salute him in that way. I apologized in the most graceful manner possible, said he reminded me of an old friend, hoped he would not think anything of it, quite a mistake, and in due time I overcame his evident desire to strangle me.

"We adjourned to another part of the room, and by and by Sothern came in. I nudged my friend, feeling that my opportunity of revenge had arrived.

"'Odd looking fellow,' I said to him, 'the old gentleman who has just commenced upon a second chop. I've a good mind to step over, slap him on the shoulder, call him George and say it's years since I've seen him. He's such an odd looking fish.'

"'I'll do it,' said Sothern.

"'No,' I replied, 'perhaps he would know you.'

"'Not at all; he'd never know me,' answered Sothern.

"'What a strange looking old chap he is! I don't think you had better do it,' I said.

"But nothing would restrain Sothern when once an idea had taken possession of him. Just as the old gentleman was conveying a dainty morsel to his capacious mouth he was saluted by Sothern with a hearty smack on the back, and an exclamation of:

"'Hello, George! Why it must be years since I've seen you.'

"The stranger could scarcely speak for passion.

"'How dare you, you ruffian!' he exclaimed.

"Whereupon Sothern, in his pleasantest manner, began to make his excuses.

"'Don't tell me, sir; you did it on purpose! I know it. I have had my chop here for twenty years, and such a thing never occurred before. Landlord, what is the meaning of it? I will not put up with it. This is the second time I have been assaulted and called "George" in this very room within ten minutes.'

"I made an opportunity to find out that old gentleman on a subsequent occasion, and over a glass of a particular vintage of port wine, which he always favored at the house in question, I made my peace with him, and laid the foundation of an agreeable acquaintanceship."

Actresses as Breakfast Food

Miss Maxine Elliott is no less charming off the stage than she is on it; but in addition to her personal graces she has a keen intelligence and a shrewd business sense, which few playgoers would suspect. Mr. Clyde Fitch, who has written her two latest and most successful plays, acknowledges the very considerable aid she has given him in putting the pieces into their final form for the public; and, though he is not infrequently obliged to differ with her, he speaks in the highest terms of her taste and judgment.

In conversation, lately, she observed that the American star is not, as has so often been alleged, the mere servant of the syndicate, but is in the same condition as the actor-manager of London. He decides what plays he is to appear in, makes terms with the author, selects his company, determines the length of his season, and arranges for engagements abroad, even in Australia, where Miss Elliott is herself now planning to go. He is quite independent, in fact, except in the actual booking of a tour, which is a much more complicated matter in a country of many cities like the United States than in a country like England, where London is everything.

In America, Miss Elliott says, an actress is like a breakfast food. It is not enough to have a reputation in the metropolis. She must be familiar in every large town in every State of the Union. The financial opportunities are far greater than in any other country. But, she adds, with a touch of regret, the chances of artistic development are less in proportion. After playing a part six months, she finds that, try hard as she will, she is not able to improve her performance. Her growth as an artist ceases until her next new venture.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Edwin Booth's Open Theatre

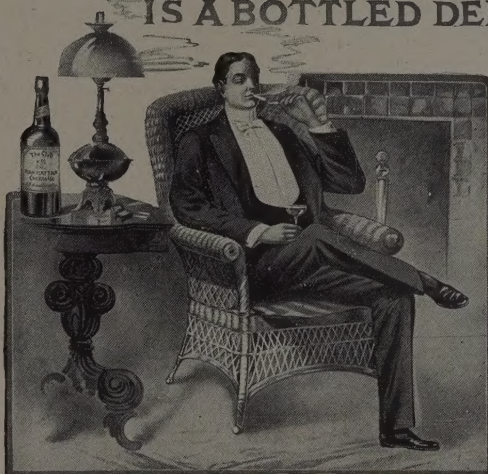
A year or more before his death Edwin Booth received a letter from a prominent New York minister, in which the reverend gentleman explained that he had always felt a desire to witness Booth's portrayal of "Hamlet," but as such an act would be contrary to the doctrine of his faith he asked Booth if he could not arrange to have him admitted by a private entrance after the performance had begun, it being his intention to leave by the same door, thereby escaping the notice of the audience.

To this Booth replied:

"Reverend Sir: Yours received. In reply would say there is no door in the theatre through which God cannot see."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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From "Printer's Ink," May 9, 1906

Readers of "THE THEATRE MAGAZINE" are writing to its publishers to uphold that magazine's practice of printing advertising on each side of reading columns in its back pages. Their approval is the protest against a reader who objected to having advertising there.

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S. Z. POLI AND HIS THEATRES

S. Z. POLI, of New Haven, Conn., who is to-day one of the most enterprising theatrical managers in this country, was the man who introduced vaudeville in New Haven, and since that time his success in the show business has been marvelous. He was born in Florence, Italy, nearly 50 years ago, his father being a church organist, and he started on his career when only fourteen years old.

At the age of six years he showed an extraordinary talent for modeling, and he used to amuse himself making little models of his playmates in the white sand at his father's home. M. Duplex, the famous sculptor of Napoleon's time, was a relative of the Poli family, and Sylvester's parents, seeing that their son possessed some of the talents of the relative sculptor, sent him off to Paris to study under Duplex. The success made by the boy was shown by his career after he had embarked for this country, where he was free to make his mark in the world.

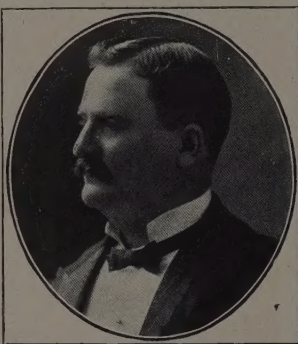


POLI'S THEATRE, WATERBURY, CONN.

When twenty-one years of age he took up the art of making wax figures, and when a French Syndicate started the Eden Musee in New York City they obtained Mr. Poli for their modeler of wax figures.

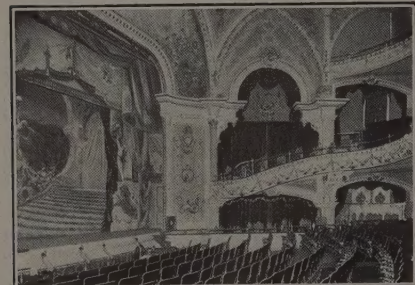
Later he traveled all over the United States and met Mrs. Poli, who later became interested in his work and was a great help to him. At the time of the Haymarket bomb throwing in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Poli visited several times the anarchists who were implicated, and from the mental pictures they formed they made perfect wax figures of them.

In 1892 he went to New Haven, Conn., and started on a small scale with some wax figures in a store he rented on Church street. He later moved across the street, starting what was known as Poli's Wonderland Theatre. His success was phenomenal and he gradually branched out, taking in Waterbury, Conn. He later got the Park City Theatre in Bridgeport, Conn., and then went to Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., and Worcester, Mass., and then built his handsome New Haven theatre, making two for him here.

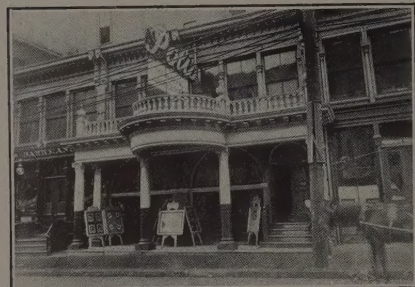


S. Z. POLI

Owner of the Poli circuit of theatres



POLI'S THEATRE, WORCESTER, MASS.



POLI'S THEATRE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Mr. Poli is now building three more new theatres, one in Wilkesbarre, Pa., one in Scranton, Pa., and one in Jersey City, N. J., and he says that this is not all he intends to do, that it is just a beginning.

GEORGE W. KYDD.

"Plays Rotten"

(but neither Pleasant nor Unpleasant)

By Shernard Bau

ACT FIRST

The scene represents the interior of a little cottage in Ayelshire, Ayelshire County near Sussex, Cavonshire. The evening is hot and sultry, and the birds have stopped singing.

A thermometer fastened by a rusty nail to a slightly splintered post in the garden, points to 93 degrees Fahrenheit.

The window shades are playfully but tightly drawn. If they were not, one would see in the distance the low, dew-laden, bonnie hills of Scotland.

Could the eye travel still further, there would come into view the foam-flecked billows of the Atlantic on which, a thousand miles from shore, a ship is cutting the waters with her knife-like prow.

In one of the starboard cabins, No. 249, a young girl lies half asleep. She is about 32 or 33, and very beautiful. The fine chiseling of her features proves her to be an artist or something else. Unfortunately, she has nothing to do with this play.

On the right side of the stage, in the cottage, hangs a picture representing a scene on the southwestern coast of India. The wall paper behind the picture is slightly discolored. A door on the left, with the upper right-hand panel almost visibly cracked, leads to a long passageway, at the end of which (unseen by the audience) the setting sun casts a few last rays.

Five miles further on, in the road, lies a wrecked automobile.

When the curtain rises, a fragrance of stern nothingness prevails.



POLI'S THEATRE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

For the convenience of persons desiring to secure some of the issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1906 we give herewith a partial list of the contents of these numbers.

JANUARY



The colored cover:
MARGARET ANGLIN as Zira.
Portraits of William Gillette, Sarah Bernhardt, Henrietta Crossman, Olga Nethersole, Ethel and John Barrymore, Ruth Vincent, Grace George, Emma Eames, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Toast of the Town," "Girl of the Golden West," "The Lion and the Mouse," etc.
Articles: "A Visit to Maurice Maeterlinck," "Interview with Grace George," "Why I Wrote the Clansman," "Shakespeare Forgeries," etc.

The colored cover:

MAUDE ADAMS as Peter Pan.
Portraits of E. S. Willard, Fritz Scheff, Yvette Guilbert, Lionel Barrymore, Ida Conquest, Van Roy, David Bispham, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Julie Bonbon," "Mile Modiste," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," etc., etc.
Articles: "Mr. Coquelin's House of Comedians near Paris," "My Beginnings," by David Warfield; "The Palatial New Home of the Lambs' Club," "Henry Irving's Treasures," etc.

FEBRUARY



The colored cover:
CLARA LIPMAN as Julie Bonbon.
Portraits of Theodore Roberts, Ellis Jeffreys, Frank Worthing, Robert Lorraine, Dallas Welford, Kitty Gordon, Carrie Reynolds, Bessie Abbott, Isabel Irving, Caruso, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Mr. Hopkinson," "The Duel," "The Little Gray Lady," etc.
Articles: "The Centenary of Edwin Forrest," "Interview with Robert Lorraine," "Ludwig Fulda," "Stage History of Famous Plays," "Camille," etc.

MARCH



The colored cover:
ROBERT LORAIN as King Edward.
Portraits of Francis Wilson, Lawrence D'Orsay, Bronson Howard, Sarah Truax, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, etc.
Scenes from "The Embassy Ball," "Brown of Harvard," etc., etc.
Articles: "An Interview with Eleanor Duse," "How Vaudeville Sketches Are Written," "Bronson Howard, Dean of American Dramatists," "My Beginnings," by Viola Allen; "Henry De Vries and His Art," etc.

APRIL



The colored cover:
FRITZI SCHEFF in Mile Modiste.
Portraits of Otis Skinner, Florence Roberts, Blanche Bates, N. C. Goodwin, Ethel Barrymore, J. E. Dodson, Grace George, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Abraham Lincoln," "The Prince of India," "The Social Whirl," etc.
Articles: "How Sardou Writes His Plays," "Where Shakespeare Set His Stage, Julius Caesar," "Interview with Fritzi Scheff," "The Historic Weimar Theatre," "My Beginnings," by Otis Skinner.

MAY



The colored cover:
SARAH BERNHARDT as the Sorceress.
Portraits of Eleanor Robson, Mrs. Fiske, Amelia Bingham, Wm. J. Kelly, Florence Roberts, Annie Irish, Maude Adams, etc.
Scenes from "The Free Lance," "The Mountain Climber," "The Social Whirl," etc.
Articles: "Frank Mayo, Man and Artist," "Interview with Florence Roberts," "A Chat with Charles Klein, Author of 'The Lion and the Mouse,'" etc.

JUNE



The colored cover:
RICHARD MANSFIELD as Beau Brummel.
Portraits of Louis James, Frances Starr, Mary Van Buren, Henry Woodruff, Florence Rockwell, Ruth St. Denis, etc.
Scenes from "The Stolen Story," "The Embarrassment of Riches," "Agamemnon" at Harvard.
Articles: "The Marionette Shows of Little Italy," "Henry Irving, His Plays and His Philosophy," "My Beginnings," by Robert Edson.

JULY



The colored cover:
ETHEL BARRYMORE.
Portraits of Robert Mantell, Beerbohm Tree, Leha Ashwell, Mr. Irving, Marion Terry, Tyrone Power, Henry Dixey, Orrin Johnson, Effie Shannon, Margaret Anglin, Edna May, etc.
Scenes from "The Shulamite," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tourists," etc.
Articles: "The New Theatre and Some Old Ones," "Some Actors I Have Known," "The Problem of the Playwright," "Interview with Mr. Crane," etc.

AUGUST



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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Subscription Department

26 West Thirty-third Street, New York City

First Plays of the Season

CRITERION. "THE LITTLE CHERUB," musical comedy in three acts, by Owen Hall and Ivan Cayll. Produced August 6 with this cast:

Earl of Sanctobury, Tom Wise; Lord Congress, Andrew Higginson; Algernon Southdown, James Blakeley; Shingle, Will West; Ethelbert, John Mayon; Captain Hereward, Martin Haydon; Alderman Briggs, Richard Chawner; Mr. Grimble, Charles Butler; Police Sergeant, David Bennett; Crumm, John F. Rogers; Sir John Montteith, H. F. Hendee; Molly Montrose, Hattie Williams.

Several things conspired to make this English musical comedy a success. First, it was the work of two men who are experts at this sort of entertainment; secondly, it enlisted the services of some of the best light comedians on our stage, including the sprightly and vivacious Hattie Williams, and the portly and unctuous Tom Wise; thirdly, being the first gun of the season, there was practically nothing else in town to dispute its favor with the theatregoing contingent. Apart, however, from all this, the piece really has intrinsic merit. Most musical comedies are flung together in reckless fashion, have neither rhyme nor reason, and little other excuse for their existence than the opportunity they offer for the exploitation of stale gags and the exhibition of abbreviated costumes. Different with "The Little Cherub," which has a plot, a number of capital songs and tuneful music.

The heroine Molly Montrose—delightfully unconventional name this—is a music hall performer who has been denounced by the Earl of Sanctobury for singing a certain song. The Earl's son, Lord Congress, is in love with the actress and means to marry her if he can get the parental consent. The Earl has also four charming daughters who are fond of theatricals, and they get up an amateur performance with Algernon Southdown—a name suggestive of mutton—as stage director. Molly is invited to the Earl's town house to supervise a rehearsal, and while under this roof the old Earl discovers that actresses are most fascinating creatures. In the following act the Earl follows Molly to Dunbridge Baths, gives a dinner to Molly and her associates, and gets himself arrested for assaulting an alderman. Meanwhile he has become reconciled to Molly under the impression that he is the object of her affections, and by the time the third act is reached he has so compromised himself that he cannot refuse Lord Congress what he wants.

Hattie Williams has not much of a part, but she made the most of what there was and sang two songs, "Experience" and "The Doggie in our Yard," in inimitable style. James Blakeley was droll as Algernon, and Tom Wise kept the house in a roar as the old Earl.

MANHATTAN. "THE KREUTZER SONATA." Drama by Jacob Gordin. Produced August 13 with this cast:

Raphael Friedlander, George Sumner; Eva, Eleanor Carey; Hattie, Blanche Walsh; Celia, Helen Ware; Samuel, William Wadsworth; Ephraim Fiddler, William Travers; Bella, Jessie Ralph; Gregoire, Alexander Von Mitzel; Natache, Laura Linden; Albert, Master Richard Storey; Neva, Beulah Thompson.

It is not easy to discover why this piece, with its misleading title, should have started two managers, heretofore friendly, on the warpath. The play was not worth so much fuss and pother. The title is misleading because the average person will naturally jump at the conclusion that it is a dramatization of Tolstoy's novel, whereas, as a matter of fact, the plot has nothing to do with the great Russian author's famous story.

The drama deals with the intolerable conditions growing out of a loveless marriage. The daughter of austere Russian parents has fallen victim to an army officer, who kills himself because of the religious barrier raised between them. The father, with his money, secures her marriage to a degenerate musician who is aware of the fact that she is about to become a mother, and the couple emigrate to America, but not until the musician has become infatuated with his wife's wanton sister. The families of both follow them to the United States, where the husband's passion for the sister-in-law becomes notorious, and he accompanies it by open brutality to his wife. At the end of the drama, when the latter receives proof of her husband's perfidy and her sister's disloyalty, she shoots them dead.

The play is morbid and serves no good purpose. The sympathies for the wife are not awakened to any appreciable degree, and one experiences a sentiment closely akin to disgust at the unnatural and repulsive rôle played by the sister. In brief, an uncomfortable piece. Blanche Walsh acted the wife with her usual intensity, but was not always successful in sustaining the character. It was difficult at times to reconcile her robust physique with the soul-distracted Hattie. The disagreeable rôle of the sister was well done by Helen Ware.

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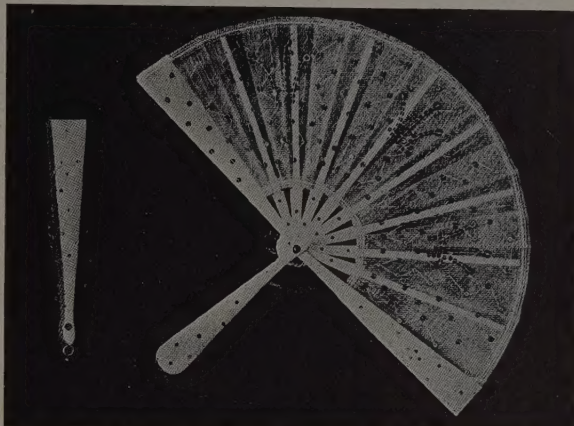
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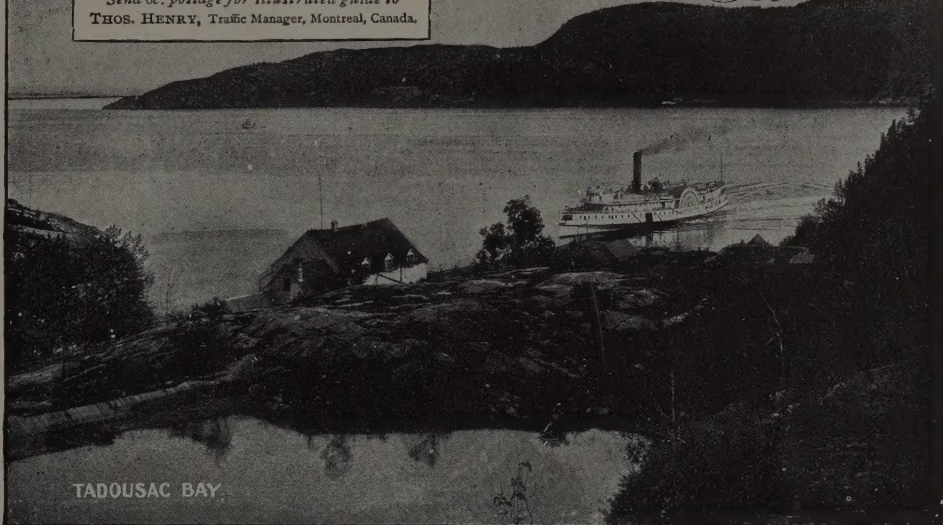
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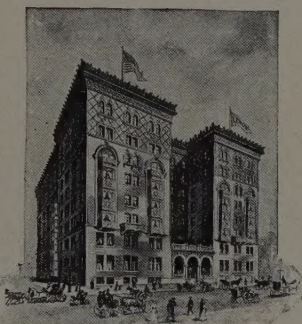
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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Albany, N. Y., August 10.—Right in the wake of the announcement that Frank Williams would again manage the Empire, came the intelligence that the house's owners had sold it to Weber & Rush. This means double misfortune to Albany, as Mr. Williams will leave town and the Empire will become a burlesque house, playing a very different kind of attraction than has ever been its policy. This move nearly takes Albany off the theatrical map, as Mr. Jacobs prefers to prize melodrama at Harmanus Bleeker Hall with an occasional first-class play. Proctor's will benefit by this change, as it will present the only attractions in Albany that make any sort of an appeal to the majority of our playgoers. A new and finely equipped theatre is talked of, and seems almost a necessary enterprise, as Albany is too good a theatre town for the managers to pass by.

Atlanta, Ga., August 9.—At an expenditure of about \$5,000 the interior of the Grand Theatre has been thoroughly renovated. The season opens August 29 with "A Message from Mars." The line of attractions booked for the coming season include most of the late New York successes. The Bijou begins the season on September 3, proffering Haverly Minstrels in the opening attraction. This theatre has also been retouched during the summer, and now looks as bright as a new-made dollar. The El Dorado, the new family theatre being built by J. B. Thompson, is nearing completion and will be ready for opening about September 1. It will have a seating capacity of 2,500, and is quite a nice playhouse. Work has begun on Jake Wells' new Bijou house, and it is expected to have it ready for opening on Thanksgiving Day. Your correspondent hears nothing but words of praise on all sides for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, it being generally considered to be the most handsomely gotten up of all the theatrical publications. The newsdealer who doesn't handle the THEATRE is away behind the times.

Baltimore, Md., August 4.—All theatres in Baltimore dark at present; however, Blaney's opens to-day with "The Great Jewel Mystery," and "Hollyday Street" with "The Man of Her Choice." Ford's opens on the 27th inst., with Howe's Moving Pictures. Keith's vaudeville is drawing good audiences at Electric Park.

Boston, Mass., August 9.—The regular season is close at hand, and by Labor Day all the theatres will be open. "The Man from Nowhere" is closing a very successful run at the Tremont. Lillian Laurence, a local favorite, is playing a brief engagement with the John Craig Stock Company at the Globe. The Castle Square continues with light opera until September 3, when the regular dramatic company returns.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 10.—Summer stock companies have predominated during the warm weather, and together with vaudeville have kept the theatre-going public well supplied with variety of good plays. The regular season at the Teck Theatre will open August 16 with Al. G. Fields' Minstrels. Following Mr. Fields the Buster Brown Company will hold the boards for one week. Joseph Cawthorn, a comedian, very favorably known in this city from his excellent work here in several Klaw and Erlanger productions, will open the Star Theatre during the week beginning the 27th inst., in John Philip Sousa's new military comic opera "The Free Lance."

Charleston, S. C., August 10.—"A Message from Mars" is to open the Academy of Music here the latter part of the current month and will be followed in generous succession by several excellent attractions. Manager Matthews has received a number of contracts for the season and the high standard of recent years. "It Happened in Nordland," Jane Kennard in "The Toast of the Town," Paul Gilmore in "At Yale," Helen Byron in "Sergeant Kitty," Clay Clement in "Sam Houston," Al. G. Fields' Minstrels, Arthur Dunn in "A Jolly Joker" and Charlotte Walker in "Ole Parole" are among the earlier attractions. The house is already in readiness for the opening and Manager Matthews has engaged his attaches and stage crew. Affable Jack Reid will again be treasurer and Arthur LaRoche will be chief doorkeeper.

Chicago, Ill., August 11.—"Rose Valley," a so-called new play by Marguerite Merington, had its premiere at the Grand on July 30. Built in the technical style of a decade ago, it was roundly and unanimously scored by the critics as amateurish, when it transpired that the piece was Miss Merington's old play formerly known as "Old Orchard." It was capitally presented by a cast including Charles Richman, Sarah Truax, Robert T. Haines, Mary Ryan, Lucille Flaven, May Vokes and R. A. Roberts. It will be temporarily laid aside for the opening on August 13 of "Vindications," a play by William Nordland, to be presented by the same cast. At the Studebaker on July 20, a merry, swiftly-moving little farce called "A Strenuous Life," had its first performance. It is another play dealing with college life, with scenes laid at Berkeley University and is the work of a new California writer, Richard Walton Walton. The piece affords an excellent opportunity for the technical style of the decade, and is being presented by the same cast. It is preceded by an interesting curtain-raiser called "My Best Friend," by R. N. Metcalfe, dealing with the love tragedy of a little German drummer, in which Norris is seen in a serious and pathetic rôle.

Columbus, Ohio, August 8.—The old Grand—the oldest theatre in Columbus—has passed into the hands of the Independents, and has been renamed the Shubert. Frank O. Miller was local manager, and he has renamed all of the Independent attractions will play at this house during the season. The house opens September 3 with a week's run of "The Greater Love." The Empire, after weathering several seasons of vaudeville and stock companies with little success, has passed into the hands of the Keith's, and will be devoted exclusively to all that's good in vaudeville. This theatre has been renamed the Keith's and will be under the management of Will W. Prosser, who has so successfully managed Orlentany Park Theatre and the Grand for the past two seasons. The opening of Keith's is announced for about September 15. A new theatre is being built to be devoted exclusively to burlesque. It is to be known as the Majestic and will open later in the fall.

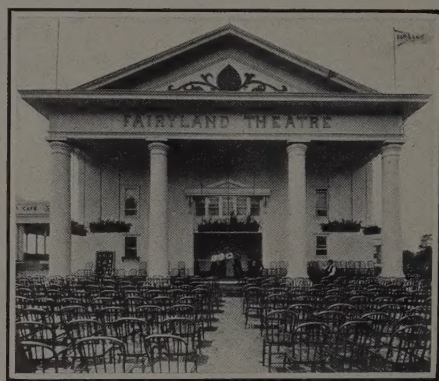
Decatur, Ill., August 6.—Powers' Theatre, J. F. Tiven, manager, which has been dark since May 12, will open August 10 with "At Cripple Creek," followed by several other melodramas. The real opening will be about Sep-

tember 1. A partial list of the big attractions booked are as follows: "The Virginian," "The Seminary Girl," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The County Chairman," "The Isle of Spice," "Buster's Holiday," Francis Wilson, Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," Louis James in "Merry Wives of Windsor," etc.

Des Moines, Iowa, August 7.—Foster's will open with Fay Templeton in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." The Grand, which was destroyed by fire last season, will open the same time with an attraction not yet announced. J. D. Reeves has signed a contract with the Shuberts, which transfers the old Mirror into a legitimate Shubert house. It will be called "The Shubert," and will present the Shubert attractions which came to Kansas City, St. Louis, etc.

Duluth, Minn., August 6.—The Lyceum has been closed during the summer season undergoing extensive repairs and is now ready to receive Chauncey Olcott, who will open his tour as well as the theatre in his new play on August 23. Manager C. H. Marshall has announced Shepherd's Moving Pictures as the Sunday attraction for this season instead of the Third Regiment Band as heretofore. Manager W. L. Longstreet, of the Metropolitan, has secured a five-year contract with the Western Wheel and will open August 26.

Goshen, Ind., August 7.—The second annual season of the Jefferson Theatre will begin August 23 with "Her Only Son." Harry G. Sommers, of the Knickerbocker



FAIRYLANE THEATRE, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Theatre, New York City, the lessee of the Jefferson, was here and has arranged the details for the season. Among the bookings as announced are Maude Fealy in "The Illusions of Beatrice," Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," Modjeska, Adelaide Thurston in "The Girl from Out Yonder," W. S. Hart in "The Squaw Man," Corinne in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "The Gingerbread Man," "The Yankee Consul," "Sunday," Thomas Jefferson, "The County Chairman." Continuous vaudeville, tried here for the first time when the Irwin Opera House was turned into such a theatre, has proved a great success.

Hartford, Conn., August 10.—Outdoor amusements have taken precedence over theatricals during the past month. The only attraction at Parson's since the closing of the Hunter-Bradford Stock Company came July 25, when Lew Dockstadter came for two performances. The Hartford Opera House, newly decorated and refitted, opens next week with "At the Old Cross-Roads." Pole's Stock Company has presented the following plays to good business: "Northern Lights," "A Stranger in a Strange Land" and "The Man from Mexico."

Holyoke, Mass., August 2.—At the Casino the Mountain Park Opera Company is providing high-class musical comedy. The productions are well put on, and the company an excellent one. Amy Meade, leading lady, was understudy for Fritz Scheff last season, and has much of that charming artist's delightful chic and vivacity. She rejoins Miss Scheff's company this month. The most popular plays have been "The Rounders," "The Strollers" and "Dr. Syntax."

Lexington, Ky., August 6.—The Jewell Kelly Company, in repertoire of plays, successfully opened the season at the Lexington Opera House, presenting "The Gates of Justice" to capacity. Mr. Kelly has improved his company, adding new and original vaudeville features. This is the first of a series of stock that Manager Scott will present as a preliminary season at his theatre. From stock to vaudeville at the Auditorium was a change much appreciated and welcomed by the many patrons of this summer theatre.

Mahany City, Pa., August 1.—The Woodland Park Theatre is drawing large crowds to this popular summer park, and the high-class refined vaudeville performances are delighting the large appreciative audiences. The Watermelon Trust, singing, dancing and comedy, Dick and Alice McAvoy in comedy sketch, W. E. Whittle, the great comic contraltoist, Leagina and Delmira in a novelty musical act are prominent among the many entertainers seen here the past month. Performances are given afternoon and evening.

Memphis, Tenn., August 7.—The regular theatrical season does not open here until September; therefore, the summer amusement parks have the boards until then. The event of the season is on this week at East End Park. The Royal Hawaiian Band in musical and vocal concerts. The Mortimer Snow Stock Company, at Fairlane Park, in pieces like "Camille," "At Piney Ridge," and "Capt. Swift," is winning great laurels. So popular has this company become that there is rumor out that they will continue playing here during the winter, provided they can secure a theatre. The addition of Mr. Fred McEntague to the cast lends a great deal of strength, as he is very popular in Memphis.

Minneapolis, Minn., August 6.—The theatres are expecting enough visitors during G. A. R. week to make it decidedly worth while opening August 12. The regular season opens at the Metropolitan with "Checkers,"

with Chauncey Olcott to follow, at the Bijou "In Old Kentucky," with "Bedford's Hope" to follow. It is quite probable that Dick Ferris will reinstate himself at the Lyceum, owing to Ralph Stuart's failure to return. The greater part of the Ferris company have left him, securing for themselves very desirable berths with reputable attractions. Many local players have gone East to rehearse with their attractions, among them being Louis London, who will go with "Captain Careless" and Georgene Hayes with "On the Bridge at Midnight."

New Orleans, La., August 4.—This month will see the opening of the season in this city. The Orpheum, our great vaudeville theatre, which has given us for the last four years such splendid entertainment, will get the ball rolling. On August 13, its doors will be thrown open to the large crowds that visit this playhouse. There is no doubt that a brilliant season is in store for them and for their clients. The next theatre to open will be the Crescent. The Baldwin-Melville Stock Company will play there for a period of six to eight weeks. In the meantime, work is being rapidly pushed on their new theatre, which they expect to occupy by the 1st of November. Both the Crescent and the Tulane have undergone large repairs, and will open fresh and dainty as a maiden coming from her summer vacation.

Philadelphia, Pa., August 3.—The Chestnut will be the first of the Nixon and Zimmerman theatres to open the new season. The opening date is set for September 10, and "Little Johnny Jones" will be the attraction. The Broad will re-open September 17, when Florence Roberts will appear in "The Strength of the Weak." A September attraction at the Chestnut will be "The Measure of Man." Beginning January 1 to June 1, 1907, the Chestnut Street Theatre will be run as a stock company house. It will continue to be managed by Nixon and Zimmerman, while Klaw and Erlanger, of New York, will provide the new organization and supply the attractions.

Portland, Ore., August 1.—The beginning of August sees us without anything in the way of attractions. The Baker Stock Co. has closed for the summer and the Kendall Musical Co. has quit on account of poor business. Active preparations are going on for the opening of the regular season in September. The Baker Theatre will hold the Baker Stock Co. for a winter run, while the Heilig will play the usual better grade of road productions.

Portsmouth, Ohio, August 10.—Mgr. Fred C. Higley, of the Grand, opened his house August 7 with John W. Vogel's Minstrels, to good business, and the show is first-class; it is Mr. Vogel's best effort. The Grand Opera House has been thoroughly renovated and many up-to-date improvements are being made. The prospects are bright for a great business the coming season. For Manager Higley has many treats booked for the patrons of the Grand. The Casino at Mill Brook Park is still doing a nice business and the present stock company will remain here until the middle of September. The Orpheum Theatre, a vaudeville house, will open September 15.

Springfield, Mass., August 7.—The Hunter-Bradford Co. closed a very successful summer season at the Court Square Theatre, July 14. Dockstadter's Minstrels were the attraction August 4. The regular season opens September 1. The Poli Stock Co. continues to draw large patronage. The Nelson Theatre has passed into the hands of the Shuberts and will book the big Independent attractions the coming season.

St. Paul, Minn., August 7.—Week of July 22 the Fawcett Company produced for the first time, "The Lady Margot," adapted by George Hazelton from a play by Roy Sensabaugh. The scene is laid at the Curtain Theatre and at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. Lady Margot, in love with Richard Burbage, disguises herself as a boy, and accompanied by her sister, joins Shakespeare's players that she may be near Burbage. Since, at this time, women are not allowed on the stage, or as a boy she is engaged to play female parts, she is Elizabeth, on witnessing a performance of Romeo and Juliet, falls in love with her and invites her to the palace. The Earl of Essex is jealous of Margot, and having learned of her real sex, threatens to expose her if she does not refrain from her flirtation with the Queen, which she fears will weaken his own position with Elizabeth. All this time Burbage is ignorant that the player boy and the Lady Margot are the same, he is attracted to the youth because of his resemblance to Margot, whom he once saw at a theatre and fell in love with. The appearance on the scene of Margot's uncle soon ends her masquerading, and the lovers are happily united after some reluctance on part of the uncle. The play pleased large audiences, and Miss Haswell was charming in the part of the Lady Margot.

Toledo, Ohio, August 9.—"My Wife's Family," a 3-act farce, which was seen at the Valentine last season, was given its premiere at the Casino Sunday, August 6, and met with a cordial reception. A new summer theatre of the vaudeville type was opened at Walbridge Park August 1, and all its bills prove as good as the initial ones, it will certainly be a success for amusement lovers. One of the easy headlines here was Fred Lennox & Co. in a sketch by George Ade, entitled "On His Uppers." Those who enjoy Ade's slang and wit had a treat in hearing this "skit."

Washington, D. C., August 6.—With the beginning of the new season, Washington is developing its annual crop of theatres on paper. It seems assured, however, that by January we will possess for the first time a new house. This theatre, for which capital is said to be already subscribed, will be located on 9th street, between E and F streets, and will be devoted to high-class vaudeville attractions. By another week the season will be well under way, so far as the popular-priced theatres are concerned. The Majestic opened August 4 with the Dandy Dixie Minstrels, and the Academy inaugurated its season on the 6th with "The Conqueror's Daughter." Chase's and Kernan's, our two vaudeville theatres, announce their opening on August 13.

Worcester, Mass., August 6.—The Hunter and Bradford Players including Miss Julia Dean and Henry Kolker, have given excellent performances at the Worcester Theatre during the weeks of July 23 and July 30 in "Tribe," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "When We Were Twenty-one" and "The American Daughter." The Stock Company continues to play to fair business.